

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

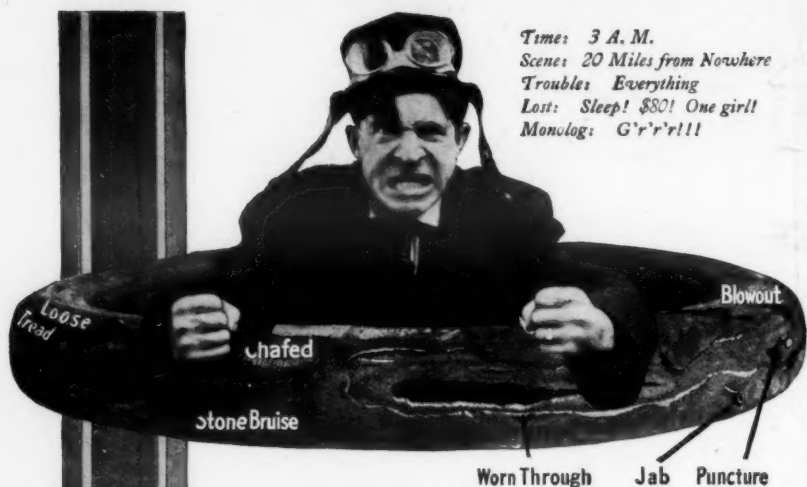


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

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VOL XLVIII NO 19

JANUARY 27 1912



Time: 3 A. M.
Scene: 20 Miles from Nowhere
Troubles: Everything
Lost: Sleep! \$30! One girl!
Monolog: G'r'r'r!!!

Tire Misery Must Go! Get Protection Pleasure

GET rid of tire misery now. You can't afford to delay using these tire protectors. You can't afford it from either a money-losing or pleasure-losing standpoint. And now you never need endure another of those costly tire troubles, not even the least of them. They are all ended. For here is a tire protection that protects. Protects against puncture, blowout, stone cut or bruise, chafing, and all the other forms of wear and tear. Think of riding on one set of tires for more than two years' constant travel, over good roads and bad, without a single tire trouble. Thousands of motorists who have found that Standard Tire Protectors keep tires uninjured, sound and good as new long after the longest lifetime of unprotected tires, are getting the pleasures and making the savings that you can get and save with

Standard Tire Protectors

No freakish filler or leather tread! The toughest rubber ever produced—a new rubber—is used exclusively in Standard Tire Protectors for 1912. With layers of fabric that will stop nails, glass and all other tire dangers—this new and toughest rubber makes Standard Tire Protectors almost like armor plate around, over and outside your tire. All disappointing "retreading" unnecessary longer!

Lower Prices This Year

are the result of our new manufacturing facilities. On all the popular sizes, fully 20 per cent reduction from 1911 prices removes the least reason for you to hesitate. Standard Tire Protectors would be an economy at several times the prices you will pay for them. They save you cost of missing trains, failing to meet business appointments on time, getting to the theatre when the play is half over,—they save you the costs of delay at all those times when delay means agony.

Skidding protection is combined with tire protection—the economy of double protection at just one single cost—by our famous non-skid tread, which may be had instead of plain tread if desired.

FREE Book on Tire Protection

You will find it full of valuable information and convincing proof that your tires need no longer be the bane of your motoring pleasures. Write for this free book and ask for sample of this new, toughest rubber.



Note the
Remarkably
Tough
Construction

Standard Tire Protector Co.,
108 E. Market Street, Akron, Ohio

DEALERS—1912 New Prices

20 per cent average reduction to consumers and new scale of larger discounts to dealers, make Standard Tire Protectors one of your best-paying lines of auto accessories. You know that your last year's sales of Standard Tire Protectors would have been more than doubled had it not been for that troublesome price question. It is now solved. Our 1912 prices to consumers are far lower, dealer's discounts higher and the product far better than ever. The advance orders prove we shall sell five times as many Standard Tire

Protectors in 1912 as we sold in 1911. You want to get your share of this increasing business. We are advertising nationally—reaching all motor car users. They will expect to get Standard Tire Protectors from you. Write us for new prices, terms, and particulars of co-operation offered.

Ask
the
Man
who
Uses
Them



Tire
Standard Tire Protector

Madam—Your Grocer Will Tell You the Facts About Heinz Tomato Soup

We believe, Madam, that you would have Tomato Soup more often in your home if tomato soup were easier to make. Or, if you knew just how Heinz Tomato Soup measures up to the very best home-made—with none of the bother and fuss.

Everyone likes Tomato Soup, and Heinz Tomato Soup needs only an introduction to make it a steady and welcome visitor to your home. It is ready to serve in next to no time—just heat.

Your grocer knows what the Heinz Pure Food Institution stands for, and what the Heinz label means on *any* food product.

He knows that on Heinz Tomato Soup it means choice tomatoes—picked at the prime of ripeness—prepared the very day they leave the vines—with the addition of rich cream and pure spices.

He knows the pains taking *care* that has made Heinz quality possible. And he should tell you—for *his own interest* as well as ours—that he is satisfied to make a little less profit on Heinz 57 Varieties in order to give you more quality for your money.

These are the facts about Heinz Tomato Soup and it is the easiest thing in the world to satisfy yourself of its goodness. Just try one can.—If you do not like it your grocer will refund your money.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods



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P. A
about
out i

R.
Jan



*Good old Sir Walter Raleigh,
discoverer of the jimmy pipe.*



Take a tip from Sir Walt. He was a good tryer. If he hadn't been willing to take a chance four hundred years ago, he never would have known what a smoke was like. He tried tobacco and discovered the jimmy pipe.

If you haven't smoked Prince Albert, there's a discovery in store for you. Try it. You'll discover the greatest improvement in pipe tobacco since Raleigh packed his first pipe home to England.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

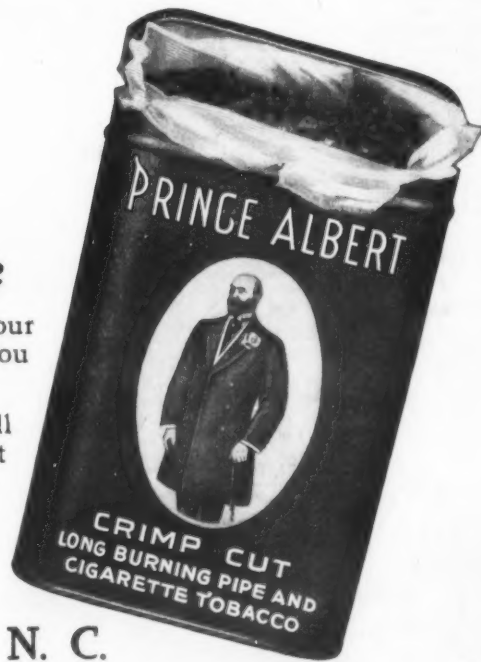
is a real surprise to the man who thinks he can't smoke a pipe. It can't bite your tongue. It's mellow and fragrant beyond anything you ever put a match to. You can smoke it all day and every pipeful seems sweeter and better.

P. A. is made by a special patented process we spent a fortune to perfect and tell about. We only ask you to invest a dime at the nearest smoke shop and test it out in your own old jimmy pipe.

Do you know that Prince Albert is now the biggest selling pipe tobacco in the world? To reach that point you bet it had to have the goods.

Sold everywhere in 10c tins, 5c bags handy for rolling cigarettes, half-pound and pound humidor.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



3 Years to Pay for the sweet-toned **MEISTER** Piano \$175



30 Days' Free Trial
in Your Own Home.
We Pay the Freight

If the piano proves to be all we claim for it and you decide to buy it, these are the terms of sale:

\$1 a Week or \$5 a Month

No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free.

Sold direct from the maker to you. No dealer's profit for you to pay.

SEND NOW FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL FREE CATALOG which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos.

Our resources exceed \$4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other concern in the world.

Rothschild & Company
Dept. 10-N Chicago, Illinois

SPENCERIAN Points that never disappoint. 12 samples and 2 good penholders for 10 cents.
STEEL PENS
SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway, N.Y.

MUSIC LESSONS AT HOME
Paderewski and other great musicians endorse our weekly lessons for home study. Piano, Voice, Cornet, Violin, Harmony, History, etc., for teachers and beginners. Faculty of famous artists. Diplomas granted. Beautiful art catalog with extracts from lessons, terms, etc., free. Write stating whether you wish to study for accompaniment or to teach; age and amount of previous study.

SIEGEL-MYERS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
2480 Monon Block, Chicago, Illinois

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Graduate correspondence students most successful at bar examination. Write today for proof and our free 110-page catalog. We make your home a university. Leading home-study law course in America. Our own modern text—prepared by deans and professors from the big law colleges—Harvard, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Stanford and others. Very low cost and easy terms. Also business law. We guarantee to coach free a graduate failing to pass any bar exam.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 2361, Chicago, Ill.

Do You Like to Draw?
That's all we want to know. Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with \$5 in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.
HOME STUDY
offers 250 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, etc. Begin any time.
U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOL BOOKS
LIBRARY AND REFERENCE BOOKS AT WHOLESALE PRICES
YOU can buy School Books at Wholesale Prices from the "Big Book Store" in Chicago. Also Library and Self-Instruction Books. PLAYS, Speeches, Dialogs, Teachers' and Students' Helps and School and Kindergarten Supplies. Send for complete illustrated Catalog.
Hall & McCreary, 426 Wabash Ave., Chicago

AGENTS GIVE STROPPER AWAY

It's a Winner
Give this \$3 Automatic Stropper with every sale to introduce our new goods. New selling plan that gets the orders. Sell in home or office, town or country. Write for terms and free outfit, while the proposition is brand new.
Thomas Mfg. Co., 8329 Wayne Street, Dayton, Ohio

PATENTS
How to GET Every Dollar Your Invention is Worth.

Send us 8c. stamps for new 128-page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C.

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$15. Rotary \$60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

Negro Minstrel Wig 50c, Burnt Cork 25c, Red for Lips 15c, large imitation Diamond Stud or Ring 25c, entire outfit \$1. Send three 2c stamps for large catalogue of Plays, Wigs and Make Up Material, and The Art of Making Up.
B. TRADEMORE COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 55

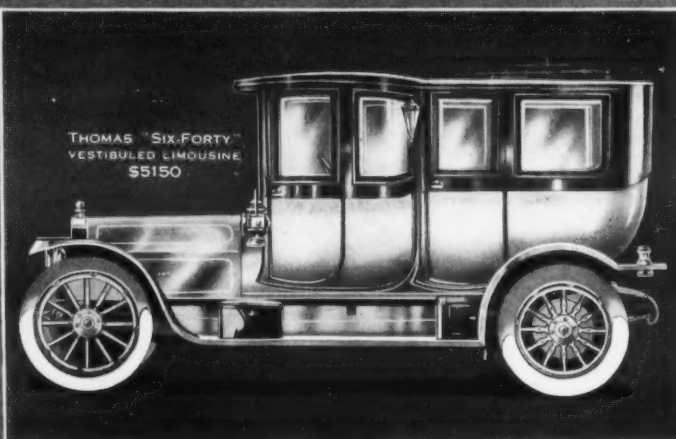
TWO weeks ago mention was made of the resolution passed by the Advertising Men's League of New York to commence criminal proceedings against all fraudulent advertisers.

I want to lay emphasis again on what this means to the reading public if the League carry on their work with vigor. The Pure Food and Drugs Act has enabled people to know the contents of patent medicines, canned and bottled goods because the Act provides that the labels must state their contents exactly.

There is, however, no law to protect the reader from the false and vicious claims made by some of the patent medicine manufacturers in their advertising. A manufacturer can sell a harmless or harmful patent medicine making the grossest kind of misstatements as to curative powers without any chance of running up against the laws of the government. This statement can be proven by anyone who will take the time to pick up any magazine or newspaper that carries this class of advertising, and there are many. If your attention has not already been directed to it, you will be astounded at the claims made by these advertisers.

I predict that within a year it will be impossible for advertisers to run such announcements in any magazines or in the majority of newspapers on account of the standards set by the publishers themselves.

T. B. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department



THOMAS "SIX-FORTY"
VESTIBULED LIMOUSINE
\$5150



THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 4)

We assert that the 1912 Thomas Six-Forty goes further than any other car into the important details, known as refinements, which are intended to enhance the pleasure, comfort and convenience of the owner, the passengers and the operator.

Two Chassis—134 inch and 126 inch wheel base
Four Styles of Open Bodies—Seven Passenger
Touring Car—Five Passenger Phaeton—Four
Passenger Surrey—Two Passenger Runabout
Price, \$4000.00 for each type

Enclosed bodies are built for both chassis and full details are given in our catalogue—
"The Story of the Thomas," which awaits your request.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. K. BUFFALO



Chafing Dish Cooking

Cheese

Famous for Eighty Years

Gives a delightful piquancy and flavor that has created an enormous demand in every country.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A perfect relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Chops, Gravies, Salad Dressings and Chafing Dish Cooking.

It Aids Digestion.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.



"STEERO"
Bouillon Cubes
A Cube Makes a Cup
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES
Savory, Delicious Bouillon instantly without cooking
Box of 12 sent for 35c if dealer won't supply. Also tins of 50 and 100 Cubes.
Distributed and Guaranteed by
Schulze & Co., 100 William St., New York
Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1



POULTRY GARDEN

LOW PRICES for this FENCE
100 other styles. Many cheaper than wood—all better. For Lawns, Churches, Parks, etc. Write for Pattern Book and special offer.
THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 903 DECATUR, IND.

GREIDER'S FINE POULTRY
Book and calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages. 72 varieties pure bred, 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions. Incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great—this book—only 15 cents.
E. H. GREIDER, Box 14, Rheims, Pa.

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry,"
120 pages plain, practical facts, 160 beautiful half tones. Tells how you can succeed with poultry. Tells about big poultry farm. 45 pure-bred varieties. Lowest prices, fowls, eggs, incubators, etc., sent for 5 cents.
BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 32, Clarinda, Ia.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder
Freight Paid East of Both for \$10
Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Write for Free Catalog.
WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 113, Racine, Wis.

FINE GARDEN FOR 94c
Cut down cost of living by growing vegetables in yard. This splendid assortment of vegetable and flower seeds is big value at \$2.95—our special introductory price only 94c. Complete directions for planting, cultivating and harvesting, free. Write postal for catalog.
O. S. Jones Seed Company, Box 733-C, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS
Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed 5c.
F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IA.

\$QUABSS\$ \$QUABS\$ \$QUABS\$
Money in Squabs. Squabs Pay. Squabs are always marketable; command staple prices; small space sufficient; require little attention; are cheaply fed; no diseases to combat; hot, start right. Pearson's Squab Book tells how. Full information. All about the Squab Business. Postpaid, 25c. Pearson Squab Co., Lemcke Annex, Indianapolis.

140 Egg Incubator and 140 Chick Brooder both for \$10
Made of California Redwood, covered with asbestos and galvanized iron, copper tanks, double walls, self-regulating, complete, ready to use. 30 days trial. Money back if not O.K. Order direct. Catalogue free if paid cost. Ironclad Incubator Co., Box 22, Racine, Wis. (Postpaid)

Virginia Farms and Homes
FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS
R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

200 EGG \$3 Incubator; Actual hen heats, ventilates, controls. No lamp. Catalog Free. Nat. Hen Inc. Sta. H, Dept. 55, Los Angeles, Cal.

Lenox Guaranteed Goods Not Sold at Stores

A DOLLAR BILL will bring to your door, all charges prepaid, a "LENOX" Combination Box, containing the biggest kind of surprises in merchandise values.

1.00 FOR THE WOMAN:
2 pairs guaranteed life elastic garter with "LENOX" HOSE with spliced heels and toes, SEAMLESS on top of toes, Black and Tan, Value \$0.75
2 exquisite Swiss ribbed "LENOX" UNDERWEAR with elaborate imported hand crocheted pattern tops and dainty ribbon effects, Value 1.00
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR. Total Retail Value \$1.75

FOR THE MAN:
3 pairs guaranteed soft life "LENOX" HOSE, with Linen toe and heel, choice black, tan, navy, gray, Value \$1.00
A beautiful "Lenox" all silk reversible tie of the latest pattern, to match, Value 0.50
One pair stout silk web garters carrying the usual "LENOX" guarantee, Value 0.25
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR. Total Retail Value \$1.75

Above items sold with the distinct understanding that money is refunded, if you are not entirely satisfied—you to be sole judge in the matter.

When ordering do not forget to state color and sizes desired.

Please remember that the "LENOX" line IS NOT SOLD AT STORES but can only be purchased from us direct or through our accredited agents. This protects you against substitution.

We refer to any bank or commercial agency in N. Y. City.

LENOX SILK WORKS, Clerk 4, 5 W. 31st St., New York
We need some good Agents—men and women.

"SUN" HOLLOW WIRE SYSTEM

The Lights of Home


—many advantages over ALL other pressure systems. Powerful, steady, white light. 108 styles of fixtures, 1, 2, 3, 4 burners. Pressure tanks in cellar, outside of house. Lamps independently. Service of mechanic unnecessary to install. Easy to operate. Satisfaction or money back.

Gravity Systems, also.

Agents wanted; fine commissions; write for free catalog and terms.

SUN LIGHT CO., 1211 Market St., Canton, O.

How to build a Sea Bird



Plans and detailed instructions for building a duplicate of the famous auxiliary yawl that made the passage from Providence to Gibraltar in thirty-two days.

Cloth Bound: \$1 Special Offer of this Sea Bird book, together with a year's subscription to THE RUDDER, the International Yachting Magazine, for \$1. Write today for catalog of best building books.

RUDDER PUBLISHING CO., 5 Hudson St., New York

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Quarter Brakes and Hubs; Pneumatic Proof Tires; highest grade equal, metal and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 3 years.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$3 to \$5.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL approval. Freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and tested prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are cutting money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, CHICAGO

Army Auction Sale Bargains

Army Revolvers... \$1.05 up Army Tents... \$1.40 up
Rifle Rifles 1.48 " Swords... .30 "
Shotguns... 2.25 " Uniforms (new) 2.25 "
Haversacks... 1.10 " Leggings, Pair 1.15 "
Saddles... 3.00 " Gloves... .22 "
Pistols, ass't'd... .50 " Overcoats... 2.50 "

Large catalogue with 1912 supplement 388 pages, regular military encyclopedia 3000 illustrations (ready February), mailed 25c stamps. **FRANCIS BANNERMAN**
Military Goods from Gov't Auction, 501 Broadway, N. Y.

PALMER MOTORS AND LAUNCHES

Catalogue M Free of Motors. Catalogue B Free of Boats.

Engines from 2 to 40 H.P. **PALMER BROS., IN STOCK** COS. COS. CONN.

PATENTS

INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE employ my method in securing Patents. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my FREE book. **WM. T. JONES, 800 G St., Washington, D. C.**

DE POTTER TOURS

FLAT IRON BUILDING NEW YORK
Send for Itineraries. Tours De Luxe to EUROPE, ORIENT, and AROUND THE WORLD. Also "PRACTICAL TOURS."

Binder for Collier's

\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

Collier's, The National Weekly

Saturday, January 27, 1912

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ROBERT J. COLLIER, President FRANKLIN COE, Vice President CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer
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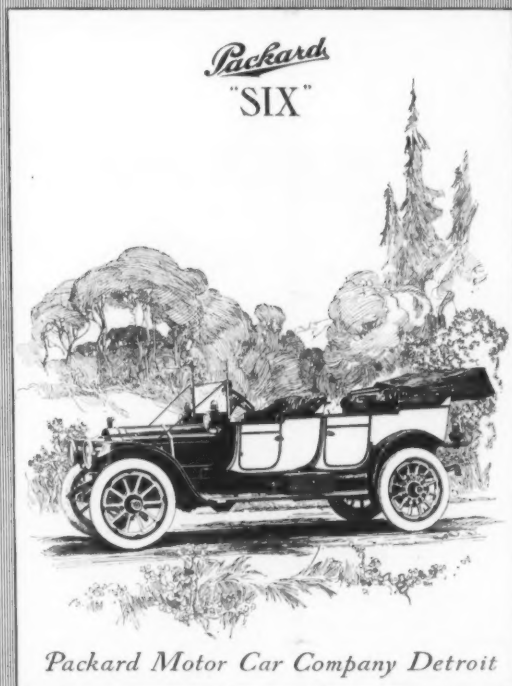
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VOLUME XLVIII Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents NUMBER 19

Cover Design	Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg	
His Eminence, John, Cardinal Farley, in His Robes.	Frontispiece	7
Editorials		8
Russia's Attitude on the Abrogated Treaty	Vladimir Kokovtsoff	10
At the Jackson Day Banquet	Arthur Ruhl	11
Why Do Men Kill?	Arthur Train	13
The Situation in Mexico	John A. Avirette	14
The Harvest Moon at Lolo.	Justus Miles Forman	15
In Medieval America	Peter Clark Macfarlane	17
The Cooperative Cost of Living	J. M. Oskison	19
Comment on Congress	Mark Sullivan	20
A Page of News Photographs		21
The Wall Street Boys	Garet Garrett	22
Brickbats and Bouquets		25

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

DOMINANT

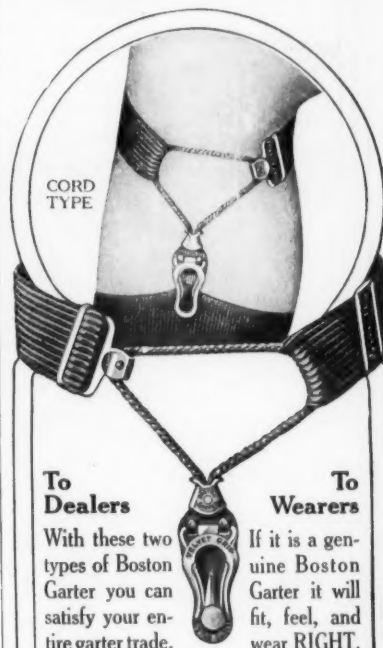


Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

Ask the man who owns one

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip



To Dealers

With these two types of Boston Garter you can satisfy your entire garter trade.

To Wearers

If it is a genuine Boston Garter it will fit, feel, and wear RIGHT.

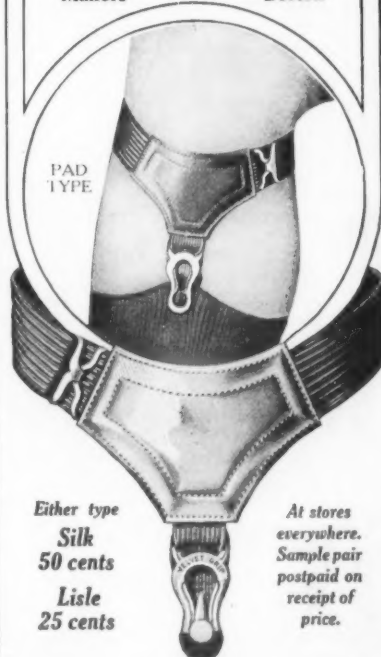
Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

"For Thirty Years the Standard—From First to Last the Best."

Is, above everything else, the quality garter. Guaranteed against imperfections by the maker, its wear value is assured. Look on the loop for the trade marks and our moulded rubber button.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Makers Boston

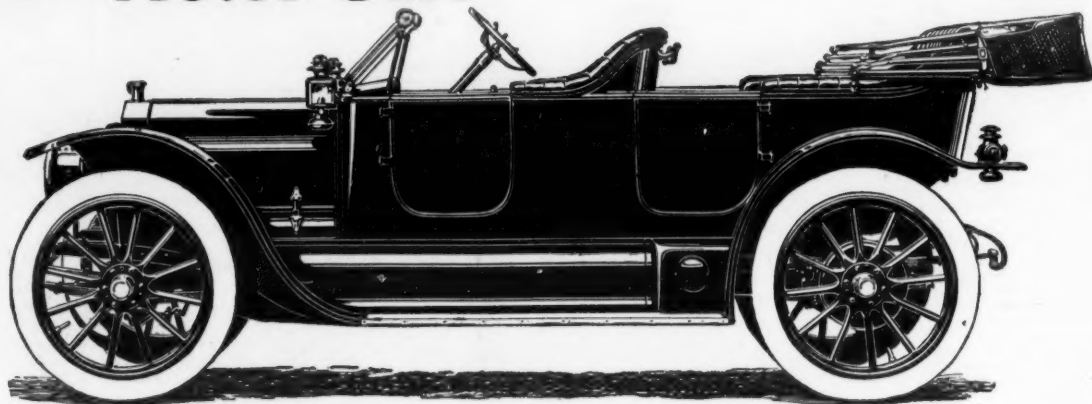


Either type
Silk
50 cents
Lisle
25 cents

At stores everywhere. Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price.

Rambler

Motor Cars



The Cross Country \$1650

The Most Comfortable Car In America Selling Below \$2500

It's a 38 h. p. five passenger touring car with 120 inch wheel base, 36x4 inch tires and demountable wheels—a rare combination of power, comfort and appearance.

It's long—it's low—it's roomy. Low with drop frame and new spring suspension. Long with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy with tonneau seat four feet wide—31 inches of leg room—enough for the tallest man—27 inches from front seat to dash and wide elbow room at the wheel. The most comfortable car in America selling below \$2500.

Ride 200 Miles Without Fatigue

Step into this car and you are dominated by a feeling of spacious ease and gratifying comfort. In a ten minute ride you grin in spite of yourself through rare delight. You may tour all day with pleasure and return without fatigue.

The upholstery is of such pleasing softness that even the invalid may ride without discomfort—cushions 8 inches deep made from finest selected long hair. Rear cushion has 45 double acting steel spring coils.

Front springs 39 inches long—rear 52 inches long—axle of I-beam type set forward under radiator—road clearance 10 inches—front edge of tonneau seat 9 inches ahead of rear axle—front seat 45 inches wide—120 inch wheel base and 36 inch wheels.

Now, do you wonder that it's the easiest

riding—easiest to drive and easiest to turn around—no other make at \$2,500 can touch it.

Delight to Drivers

You must experience the feel of that Cross Country wheel. It's a delight. Think of the unconscious ease with which you guide a bicycle. It's just that. Your arms don't tire. Your legs don't cramp. Both levers are inside and the sound of the motor—just the sweetest hum that turns instantly into a snappy roar when the cut-out is open.

Silent, long and lean, with swift moving lines, the Cross Country has grace, suggestion of speed and beauty of contour.

Snap! Ginger! Power!

To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. In the traffic of Fifth Avenue it will creep along at 4 miles per hour—on the open road it tops it off at fifty. It took Abbey Hill, New York, on high gear with five people, starting at 22 miles per hour and going 30 miles at top. It took Viaduct Hill on high, starting at 25, dropping to 12 at the crest and going 18 at the top, passing two high priced cars going up in the gears.

It took City Line Hill, Philadelphia, on high, Rondout Hill at Kingston, N. Y., with 6 passengers and climbed State Street Hill, Albany, from river to Capitol on high with six passengers.

It starts quickly and stops quickly—a motor

car virtue that has saved many an accident. The braking surface is 400 square inches.

Looks Like \$2500

A big car of exceeding beauty; few people have guessed its price on sight at below \$2500. Finished in English Purple Lake—a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel, with bonnet, fenders and fillers in black enamel, with 9¼-inch lamps in black enamel and nickel. You'll find the same equipment on cars selling at \$2500.

Fenders of sweeping grace, radiator of new and distinctive design—doors 20 inches wide and open fully with no outside latches.

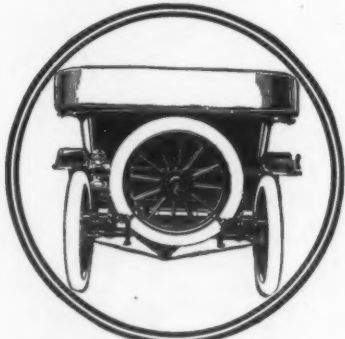
Rakish, low and balanced perfectly, you can put it around a corner in a jiffy and the rear end will hug the road.

Why the \$1650 Price?

“Why such a car at this price?”

Here's the reason: For years we have built high priced cars, educated our mechanics to greater skill, developed our factory until we now are able to produce the Cross Country.

The Rambler was first to offer a *real* bicycle for less than \$100. The Rambler is now first to offer a *real* car below \$2,000. The public is ready. The Cross Country is here—it's the flag bearer for 1912—sure to be a Rambler year. To see this car is to want it—write for the name of the nearest dealer—ask for the Rambler Catalogue.

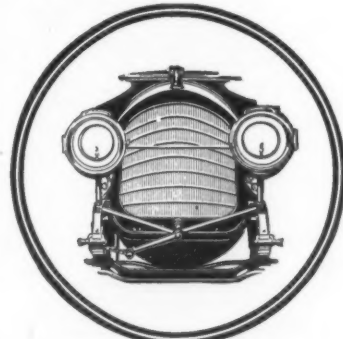


Spare Tire on demountable wheel carried in rear, eliminates worry about tire trouble. This demountable wheel can be changed in five minutes.

Ten Other Styles, Including Open and Closed Cars of 38 and 50 Horse Power

Equipment—Bosch duplex ignition. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top, with envelope, \$80—wind shield, \$35. Demountable Wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, \$30. Gas operated self starter, \$50.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco



New radiator of popular and distinctive type—12,000 square inches of cooling surface—9¼ in. headlights, in black and nickel—radiator cap of exclusive design.



Collier's



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The National Weekly

January 27, 1912



His Eminence, John, Cardinal Farley, in His Robes

Cardinal Farley, who was called to Rome to receive, on Thanksgiving Day, November 30, the red hat of a cardinal, was welcomed back to New York City with processional ceremonial on Wednesday, January 17. At the door of St. Patrick's Cathedral the Cardinal was met by members of the Papal Knighthood and escorted to the sanctuary, where he knelt while the *Te Deum* was chanted. At night the twin spires of St. Patrick's and the pure Gothic outline of the church itself were illuminated

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Leader

THE SPEECHES OF WOODROW WILSON are the best now being delivered. If THOMAS JEFFERSON should walk this earth again to-day, and should wish to acquire for himself in the shortest possible time a clear knowledge of the new issues which compose the present body of political and economic controversy, his most helpful means would be to read the addresses of WOODROW WILSON at Denver on conservation and publicity, at Minneapolis on big business and the boss, at Kansas City on the initiative, referendum, and recall, at the Kentucky Bar Association on justice and the law, at the Conference of Governors on States' rights, at Indianapolis on corporations. Governor WILSON translates the ancient and fundamental philosophy of the relations of men with other men into terms of the era of telephones, daily papers, universal suffrage, and billion-dollar corporations. His most conspicuous quality is clearness—clearness in the use of English words, and the still more important clearness of thinking—an unusual quality in a day when four-fifths of the public men who discuss the Sherman Law know merely that they are against the trusts, but have never thought out for themselves whether the remedy they want lies in competition or licensed monopoly or a combination of both. Governor WILSON's speeches are also more temperate than most of the current contributions to political thought, and reflect a more conservative man than the picture of him created in the public mind by his rather spectacular emergence from academic life into politics. The speeches contain less of argument than of exposition; they state both sides even when they advocate one. The reading of them is a convenient and satisfactory education for one who wishes to follow with understanding the coming political campaign.

The Collier Policy

THIS PAPER IS NOT SENSATIONAL. It does not believe in a policy of noisy assault. It attacks only when forced to do so. There are many roads to popularity that we decline to follow. We wish to be as popular as we can without divergence from what is wholesome, and no more popular than that. We are not a musical comedy, or a morgue, or a crime gazette, or a demagogue. We mean to be a panorama of the world, in just perspective, with many interests, light and serious, stirring and diverting, informing and amusing, but neither harmful nor untrue. Our fights have been developments. Because we spoke the truth in one editorial about "Town Topics" a sensation resulted that was not planned. We slipped into the patent medicine campaign gradually, as the facts dawned upon us. The fight with CHARLES W. POST, and the \$50,000 verdict, were the result of our observing that Grape-Nuts would not cure either appendicitis or loose teeth. We do not think Mr. HEARST will ever come to trial with his \$500,000 suit, any more than he stood by his criminal libel threat, but if he should do so that sensation would also be a mere part of the day's work, since we were explaining the modern business of journalism in its many sides. In the controversy over Alaska we were forced into a central position because Mr. GLAVIS and his advisers thought this paper the best forum for the publication of his article, in defense of his own integrity, and in reply to Messrs. BALLINGER, WICKERSHAM, and TAFT. We shall never make a policy of crusades. We shall go simply forward about our affairs, endeavoring to illuminate and divert, and whatever sensations result will be mere incidents. We do not seek trouble for its sensational value or avoid it when it comes.

The Right Direction

PUBLICITY is such a power to-day that the forces of special privilege are making a determined effort to control directly and indirectly as many magazines and newspapers as possible. It is therefore of importance whenever a man of independent thought and liberal tendencies is in charge of an organ of opinion. We heartily welcome Professor ZUEBLIN as editor of the "Twentieth Century Magazine." He is so well known around the country that his information, his integrity, and his

popular sympathies will be taken for granted. He intends to have the "Twentieth Century Magazine" occupy that field of radicalism which lies between mere political independence on the one hand and Socialism on the other, and which might be called the right wing of radicalism and the left wing of insurgency. It is a field occupied by men and women who read much and seriously.

A Play

PLEASURE IS THE BASIS OF DRAMA. So it has always been, and so it will remain. But pleasure varies with time, race, and individual training. On our stage to-day wealth is preferred, because it to the average mind stands for opportunity and enjoyment. Mrs. SNOOKS likes to see women wearing dresses such as she would fain wear, and moving amid bright scenes, and being romantically wooed and won. So does Mr. SNOOKS, and also he is pleased with pretty women. Small blame to either. God rest the much abused "tired business man," and the wife whose meager lot makes her crave some obvious brilliancy as contrast. The fat and busy rich are restrictive audiences also, since in many possessions lies no preparation for the enjoyments of insight. These facts are permanent. They are true in Germany as in America; only in Berlin some of the theatres are for the thoughtful, and in New York the New Theatre has struck its colors. There are far more plays, however, in the United States to-day with some worth or meaning in theme and treatment than there were ten years ago. Most recent among them, as far as we have seen, is "Kindling," by CHARLES KENYON. Outside a few bits of ineffective dialogue and exposition, mostly in the first act, the workmanship has the simple effectiveness that best befits this kind of play; a play depicting a profound difficulty in the lives of millions of good men and women. In a room in a tenement the whole drama passes—a room where no baby can come into the world save at a disadvantage, and a baby is about to come. The mother has the opportunity, through a breach of law, of getting away into the open country. It is either that escape or almost certain death for the approaching life. The tigress takes for her cubs whatever meat she needs. This woman, in anguish, breaks the rules; and the play may help the prosperous to realize how insufficient to all our needs these rules are. The story is so usual (except, alas, for its happy ending), so true in thought, feeling, and portraiture, that it marks the arrival of a man who tells the thing that is near, and does it with the kind of dramatic ability most appreciated by those who best know the higher uses of the stage.

Electricity and Drama

CHARLES DICKENS wrote from Paris in 1856 a letter which must seem singularly ahead of its times to those who think of the use of the telegraph and the telephone for dramatic tension as being very recent. In "The Woman," which is now running, there is a telephone effect which has been considerably discussed, and a few years ago a drama called "At the Telephone" made a sensation in Paris. The most notable instance of the use of the telegraph was in "Secret Service," the intensity being produced by the playwright's able mastery of theatrical suspense, by his own skillful acting, and by the excellent work of WINCHELL SMITH as the telegraph operator. It will be remembered also that Mr. GILLETTE in that play makes one of his strongest acting effects by speaking a very significant sentence as he walks away from the front of the stage, with his back to the audience. DICKENS is describing a piece at the Ambigu, containing a scene in a railway terminal, with the telegraph machines and the operators, *with their backs to the audience*. He goes on to speak of the dramatic effects obtained:

Marquis sends message—such a regiment, such a company: "Is my only son safe?" Little bell rings. Slip of paper handed out: "He was first upon the heights of Alma." General cheer. Bell rings again, another slip of paper handed out: "He was made color-sergeant at Sebastopol." Another cheer.

The telephone has, of course, since it was invented, played a much wider part in the drama than the telegraph ever played; so wide that the use of it to solve ordinary difficulties, by telling the audience what it needs

to know, was parodied in a little skit produced at a benefit performance in London about a year and a half ago. The skit was anonymous, and only a few persons knew that it was written by J. M. BARRIE.

Invidious Comparisons

THE MOST IMPORTANT ASPECT of the Dickens anniversary year is not any good that it may do to the Dickens family, but the benefit conferred upon the public itself by attention to a great spirit. That DICKENS is still much alive we especially have the solidest reason to believe, since this publishing company alone has printed nearly six million volumes of his works. There can never, however, be too wide a popularity for a man whose influence is so strong toward truth, humanity, and the generous impulses of the heart. The only aspect of the renewed discussion which is a little tiresome is the stereotyped tendency to choose either DICKENS or THACKERAY to the exclusion of the other—a tendency which grew up because they happened to be prominent contemporaries. To those who take sides, instead of appreciating both, we recommend a letter from THACKERAY in which he refers to "those imitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him," and adds: "The reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good." The faults of DICKENS are extremely easy to observe. To do adequate justice to his merits requires a critic of the highest order; a critic who is able not only to appreciate dramatic constructive power, broad humor, and infinite kindness, but to put this appreciation into words that persuade and move.

Realism and Romance

IF THE AUTHOR of "Robinson Crusoe" should turn up one of these winter mornings in the waiting-room of a modern magazine he would have a great reception. Except for regret that he had omitted to have his manuscripts typewritten, the centuries between the era of crimson silk breeches and these days of long dark woolen trousers would matter little; he would find his literary method as modern as that of the most opulent contributor of the month. Without preparatory training he could contribute heavily to our most popular magazines and probably buy a country house before the end of the year. Ours is an age when realistic effect is perhaps even too keenly appreciated. "Who would not like to write something which all can read, like 'Robinson Crusoe'?" EMERSON remarked in conversation one time with THOREAU. "And who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment which delights everybody?" For materialistic treatment the taste is now so strong that one may read through whole catalogues of details in recent productions without discovering any story or any point—only a camera snapped at the street with no eye for emphasis or composition. Crusoe, however, delights everybody, realist and romanticist alike, because it is a *story*—with shipwreck, savages, and unusual adventures through which the reader lives inside of ROBINSON'S goatskin duds. The "right materialistic treatment" is the manner. The substance is the right romantic.

Dollars and Ships

THE NAVY YARDS of the great nations abroad are for their fleets. The campaign of getting rid of our useless yards is by now old, but Secretary MEYER is still fighting against the particular kind of politics which saddles the fleet with shore stations for which there is little or no use. Mr. MEYER'S reforms are based upon efficiency and dollars and cents, and there is no sectional prejudice in his policies. He advocates the abandonment of the Boston Yard, as well as those of Pensacola and New Orleans. The station at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the stronghold of Senator HALE, who as the chairman of the Senate Naval Committee was for years the "king" of the navy—is to go. So is the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This yard has become congested; it is now hard to get at, and the moving of the big battleships down the river's pathway interferes with commerce. Besides, the land upon which the yard is situated has become extremely valuable and is more adapted to the demands of the harbor than to its present use. The future plans of the Navy Department are based upon the final abandonment of five navy yards on the Eastern coast and the concentration of the activities of all of them at Narragansett Bay, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Charleston, and Key West. Millions of dollars will be saved by this move and the preparedness of the fleet increased. But even the merest discussion of these reforms has already brought forth strong protest from the localities interested. To the mayor of Boston the abandonment of the Charlestown Yard is nothing short of a national calamity. The politicians and the civic bodies of Brooklyn are throwing their influence against any move which will transfer their navy yard. Paying tribute to local political organizations, the navy in the yard is sure of his job. He may be discharged for inefficiency or for plain laziness, like taking a snooze during working hours in a compartment of a ship under repair, but his reinstatement becomes only a matter of a week at the most. The organization demands it. The shadow of politics still hangs over the navy—standing continuously against preparedness and dulling its fighting edge.

Education and Politics

BOSTON HAS JUST SHOWN its ability to keep questions of patronage separate from questions of the welfare of its children. Since the adoption of the new charter, two years ago, Mayor FITZGERALD has been perfecting his machine and broadening his control.

It is rather a striking illustration, therefore, of the intelligence of the electorate that in a city overwhelmingly Democratic, and in an off year, the reform candidates to the school board were elected. It is well known that, all over the country, school systems have suffered from politics, especially through the fact that some of the most important places in the school systems are changed with every shift of power. The election in Boston was of special importance to that city, because the school committee of five is about to elect a superintendent for a term of six years, and this superintendent has great scope to play in with the machine if he desires. The Public School Association, the Citizens' Municipal League, and the Good Government Association are all composed of individuals of every race, religion, and party, and these bodies worked earnestly to elect the candidates who stood for non-partisan devotion to sound education. The present school committee has been economical in its expenditures and wise in its apportionment. Of course, it has had to make enemies of individuals; and many incompetent teachers have suffered, some of them being hard working and well meaning. For a long time it looked as if the political element was to win, but the nearer the people came to the election the more their minds were centered on the question: "Shall the schools go into politics?" and the answer in the negative will be an encouragement to every town in the United States.

One More Step

ARTHUR BALFOUR wrote an essay on Progress, the general tendency of which was to deny its existence. Certainly there is no such thing as progress in all directions. EDMOND DE GONCOURT is one of those who have committed themselves to the absurd position that artists of modern times are inevitably ahead of those of earlier centuries. The person who thinks there has been progress in sculpture since PHIDIAS, or in architecture since the Renaissance, or who imagines that anybody of later times has painted better than VELASQUEZ, or written greater music than BEETHOVEN, is simply unable to think. Where progress does unmistakably exist is in a direction that does not depend on individual genius. It is in the conquests which are social and, so to speak, cooperative; in those conquests which grew out of steam, the substitution of machinery for hand labor, the increase of education, and the consequent increase of democracy and fair play. The New York Board of Health, for example, has adopted a resolution forbidding the use of common towels (meaning towels used by more than one person) in railroad stations, ferry houses, schools, hotels, theatres, concert halls, dance halls, department stores, cafés, restaurants, and saloons. This may seem a little thing. It was only a few weeks ago that this newspaper first took notice of the subject as in its beginnings, and yet in all probability the improvement will within a short time be accomplished all over the country. It is one step, and a not unimportant one, in the victory over disease which has followed the discovery of PASTEUR.

Cold Weather

SOME OF THE PROPHETS are always right, since there are many for every possible prediction. A sage of Connecticut has predicted that this is to be a long and cold winter. This eighty-eight-year-old observer draws conclusions from his own observations, most of which are made from the roof of his barn. By such means he has the weather eating out of his hand. Reading his threat, we seek comfort in remembering that every year is bringing increased knowledge of how to live in cold weather. The selection of winter clothing steadily grows more intelligent, although it grows harder to get your money's worth of wool. The knowledge of food increases. Winter sports and outdoor diversions among the prosperous have been on the increase. Gradually the world learns that the open bedroom window is as necessary in winter as in summer. Cold remains a terrible thing for the poor. The well to-do manage it better than they did.

Farming and Grit

MAKING A LIVING on a farm does not consist solely in sucking in ozone, rolling in blossoming clover, and picking pears. There is a crop of blisters, backaches, muddy boots, washouts, bugs, and droughts. One never makes a change in life without giving up some things he likes and taking some he does not like. He must strike a balance, go where he finds the greater good, and bear with grit and patience the unpleasant part. The city man who has not pluck should stay in the shop or at his desk, for on the farm he will find a life-size environment that will hit him with appalling regularity on every soft spot he owns. He will miss the street cars, electric lights, vaudeville, people. He may resent slowness, physical tiredness, inconvenience, stillness. Getting back to the land is profitable, pecuniarily and spiritually, only to those who care more for independence than for steam heat and granitoid walks; or think more of health than of musical comedy; or would rather accumulate a competence for their old age than have the privilege of street cars and jostle. The successful farmer must be willing to work until his muscles get sore, and then work until they get strong; to learn of simple folk, and be neighborly with people who have lived in a different way; to wait for seedtime and harvest. Also he must be able to forget the amusements he has left behind and the annoyances he has found, until the slow current of country life gets hold of him, and the sweet spirit of the open places envelops him. Then will he have found a home, and the land will have found one more man to feed the nations.

Russia's Attitude on the Abrogated Treaty

As Formally Defined to COLLIER'S by the Russian Premier, VLADIMIR KOKOVTSOFF, in Response to Five Submitted Questions

QUESTION

Q Has not Russia afforded the United States ground for abrogating the treaty of 1832 by her violation in excluding United States citizens, especially of Jewish faith?

ANSWER

NO, RUSSIA has not afforded the United States any ground for abrogating the treaty. The treaty of 1832 was made exclusively for commercial purposes, and a clause in the very first article stipulated that American citizens arriving in Russia, and Russian subjects arriving in the United States, should be subject to the internal laws and regulations of the respective countries. The entry of American citizens of Jewish faith into Russia is not absolutely prohibited. With respect to them as to other American citizens, and in strict accordance with the stipulations of the treaty, our country enforces certain rules. These rules were established by Russian internal legislation which permits the entry into Russia of foreign Jews only in definite cases. The rules have been in force ever since the treaty was concluded, and there never has been any cause to doubt the legality, and there could not be any, because the enforcement, as before pointed out, was stipulated in the treaty itself.

QUESTION

Q Has Russia treated American citizens of Jewish descent differently in respect of their privileges under the treaty than it has treated other American citizens not Hebrews?

ANSWER

YES, Russia has treated American Jews differently from the very beginning. It has treated them exactly on the same basis as all other foreign Jews without exception. Nevertheless, not a single civilized country ever disputed the right of another country to define for itself classes of undesirables, because under the principles of international law this right is the absolutely incontestable prerogative of every sovereign power. Guided thereby, the United States established exactly in the same way in immigration acts classes of undesirable aliens, determined by qualifications of an economic, sanitary, moral, social, and even religious character. American legislation, for instance, prohibited the entry into the United States of persons belonging to religious bodies tolerating polygamy, whereas Russian legislation does not see any cause for such restriction. Still, as I said, such classes of undesirable aliens are defined for itself by each country. Wherefore, neither the Russian nor American Government

WHEN PRESIDENT TAFT abrogated the treaty made with Russia in 1832, the editor of COLLIER'S conceived it to be a matter of high interest to American citizens to know the official views of the Russian Government upon the action taken by the President. The announcement of abrogation, couched though it was in the language of diplomacy, and avoiding the assertions which made objectionable to Russia the Sulzer resolution passed by Congress December 13, was followed nevertheless by cabled reports that Russia intended to make immediate tariff reprisals. Accordingly, an authoritative statement of the attitude of Russia became increasingly a matter of international importance. After a preliminary interchange of messages between a former American diplomat, acting in behalf of COLLIER'S, and the Russian Court, the editor was informed that the Premier of Russia, VLADIMIR KOKOVTSOFF, would make a written response to a set of questions. A list of five questions, prepared after consultation with men interested in all phases of the issue, thereupon was cabled to the Premier. A delay ensued, due, it became apparent when the response came, to the care taken by Kokovtsoff in preparing his replies. The absence of diplomatic evasion is noticeable. The questions and replies follow in order

saw any violation of the treaty of 1832 in the passage and enforcement of the aforesaid American immigration acts. This ought to be clear to every statesman.

QUESTION

Q If so, has Russia special reasons for such discrimination?

ANSWER

FOR economic and social reasons Russian legislation established a whole range of restrictions upon its Jewish subjects. To allow free entry of foreign Jews into Russia is obviously impossible under the circumstances. They would then enjoy greater rights in Russia than Russia's own Jewish subjects. Therein lies the special reason for the discrimination which Russia practices toward foreign Jews wishing to enter Russia. I must add that existing restrictions are considered a measure of defense for the Russian masses against alien domination. Concern for such measures of protection must be understood by the United States, which for similar reasons prohibited the entry of Asiatics.

QUESTION

Q If Russia, in administering the treaty, has given the United States grounds for denouncing the treaty, why does she seek to penalize the United States by proposals to increase duties one hundred per cent on American goods?

ANSWER

RUSSIA, or, to be more precise, the Russian Government, has not yet expressed any intention of applying reprisals toward goods of American origin. The proposals for reprisals originated in various quarters, but the Government has not yet indicated in any manner its attitude thereon. The future course of the whole affair must depend upon the negotiations which will follow between the Governments regarding the basis of the new agreement. Proposals to this purpose must come from the American Government as the side which declared abrogation.

QUESTION

Q In view of traditional friendship, if Russia has not given grounds for abrogating the treaty, to what does she attribute the proposal of the United States for abrogation?

ANSWER

ONLY the United States can answer this question. I noted that in a recent speech President Taft declared that he considered the treaty obsolete, wherefore he notified us of its abrogation.

At the Jackson Day Banquet

By ARTHUR RUHL

The Democratic Candidates Sing Close Harmonies Before the Battle

IT WAS a warm winter evening with a light mist falling, and all Washington had that air of leisure, spaciousness, and repose which always impresses one on coming from New York. On the sidewalk near the Raleigh a colored gentleman was sprinkling sawdust. "Feedin' chickens, Jim?" asked a friend. "No, sir!" replied the gentleman of color with that ready wit which modern journalism had lent to the humblest, "Ise feedin' baboons in the aquarium."

The lobby of the hotel was crowded with patriots, beaming and handshaking. Against the clerk's desk leaned the Hon. William Sulzer of New York, a reddish scalp lock trailing negligently over his right eye; our devious old friend, Colonel Jim Guffey of Pennsylvania, fresh from seating himself on the National Committee in spite of Mr. Bryan's opposition, moved imperturbably toward the elevator, and through the crowd—exactly as if this were a stage play—zigzagged a bellhop with a card plate, drowsily calling: "Mr. Bry'ne! Mr. Bry'ne!"

Something in the Air

THEY had come to celebrate the anniversary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans, to start the harmony plant growing, and give the Democratic candidates a chance to show themselves. Dinners in honor of Old Hickory are likely to be dollar dinners. This was a five-dollar dinner, and that extra four hundred per cent was a not inaccurate measure of the increase in confidence and general optimism in the minds of the diners. Washington correspondents, who watch year after year the coming and going of the great, declared that this crowd was different from that of recent years. There was a tingle of victory in the air, and as the chairman of the National Committee, the Hon. Norman E. Mack of Buffalo, told them, almost with tears in his voice: "If we'll only stop fighting each other and fight the common enemy, if we'll only behave ourselves halfway decent, we're bound to win next fall."

The scholarly, clever, somewhat differently interpreted, but always interesting Mr. Woodrow Wilson—apparently the choice of the Democratic party could a primary be held to-day—was there, and so was Mr. Bryan. The opposition papers had sprung in the morning the former's 1907 letter to Mr. Joline, in which the then president of Princeton hoped that a dignified means might be discovered to knock Mr. Bryan into a coked hat. This was one sprightly juxtaposition.

Set up, also, at the speakers' table, like exhibits in a show window, were Speaker Champ Clark with a crowd of Missouri boosters howling for him whenever they got a chance; Judge Parker and his recent running mate, Senator Kern of Indiana; Governor Folk of Missouri; Mr. Hearst; Senators Newlands of Nevada, O'Gorman of New York, Johnson of Maine, Taylor of Tennessee, and Pomerene of Ohio—the latter representing Governor Harmon, who couldn't be there. With the exception of Harmon and Mr. Underwood of Alabama, about all the Democratic presidential timber was on exhibition, and the Hon. James T. Lloyd of the Democratic Congressional Committee, was at least oratorically safe in saying that somewhere in that room—or somewhere in the Democratic party—was the next President of the United States.

The Candidates on Exhibition

ALL the lions except Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Hearst were in their seats in the banquet hall on the tenth floor as we percolated down to our places directly facing them at the reporters' table. Next to Toastmaster O'Gorman—short, upstanding, and pugnacious—reclined Champ Clark with his eyes almost closed and his contemplative, paternal smile. Then Judge Parker, with that curiously uneasy, startled gaze of his, which, with his ruddy face and sturdy shape, give him a quaint air of throwing out his chest, so to speak, to show that he isn't afraid. Afraid of what, it would be hard to say, yet he always seems vaguely startled and about to be

Governor Wilson of New Jersey, whose strength seems to have been little affected by the various bombshells of the opposition

taken off his guard, and as the incurable handshakers passed down the line behind the speakers, he would jump up and grasp one of their hands in both of his with a quick lifting of the eyebrows, rather as if he were greeting a relative he ought to know but didn't, at a funeral.

Senator Kern, the last Vice-Presidential candidate, looking like a Baptist parson, came next, and then a big, grim, solemn, smooth-faced man—Johnson, the new Democratic Senator from Maine. On the other wing was Newlands, smiling and gracious, with his good clothes and air of the world—a little of the faded beau; Folk, with his round face and glasses; Pomerene, a youngish man with a bald white frontal dome and a fringe of black hair behind, and the tight, rosy, Irish-faced Chairman Mack.

Enter presently Governor Wilson, with welcoming handshakes all round. Then Mr. Bryan, looking a little, with his growing double chin, like a particularly jovial frog—grinning good-humoredly at the familiar applause.

Bryan Arrives

CHAMP CLARK'S eyes disappeared completely, and his far-away smile became farther away than ever as he grasped the Peerless Leader's hand. Judge Parker, raising his eyebrows and looking anxious, said: "How are you?" with the accent on the "are." Senator Newlands, with his "Ah-there-you-ah!" manner, energetically pumped Mr. Bryan's arm up and down. Governor Wilson looked just a little concerned and turned his tongue about inside his long dry cheek. The crowd stared with interest as the two men promptly sat down together and began an earnest and amicable talk. Mr. Bryan pounding one fist into the other, Mr. Wilson nodding and occasionally showing his slightly acidulous and rather Mephistophelean smile. Mr. Hearst came late—just arrived on a train from somewhere—with two or three faithful heelers of a Manhattanese aspect, who howled "Go it, Willie!" whenever there was a chance. He sat down at the left end of the table and seemed to receive more handshakes than anybody. He would flash on them, like an electric light that you could turn on or off, his quick boyish smile, after which his strong, muscular fingers would clench about each other, and his long nose and pale blue eyes, with their queer habit of rolling upward, relapse into their characteristic inscrutability, behind which one could imagine him planning all sorts of devilish things.

It was an interesting row of faces, and scarcely less were those of the handshakers, known and unknown, who filed more or less continuously behind—sepulchral Gum-Shoe Bill Stone of Missouri, with eyes drooping like an old hound's, pert little Hovey Fitz of Boston, the Hon. J. Ham Lewis of Illinois with his pink whiskers and irreproachable clothes—all sorts of queer people.

The somewhat exhilarated Missourians who howled for Champ Clark had begun to croak "Good night!" before Mr. Lloyd of the Congressional Committee had finished with his figures—they didn't want figures—and it was Judge Parker, the fifth speaker,

who first succeeded in striking fire. He did it with a quotation from St. Augustine: "Unity in essentials, liberty in nonessentials." This was what Democrats ought to try for, said the Judge, and then sailed into Colonel Roosevelt and the latter's attacks on the courts with the contention that there was plenty of common law in the States at the time the trusts were growing up to restrain them if the Republicans had really wanted to "do so. "Didn't know he had it in him!" said a man behind us.

Then Folk, in his plausible, slightly Southern voice, said that all the Democrats needed to do to win was to be democratic. The opportunity would be lost if the party merely occupied a position of negation without announcing affirmative and progressive ideas. They must take an unmistakable stand on the tariff question—no mere juggling of schedules, but a battle against the system of protection itself. He was for the initiative, referendum, and recall, against the Aldrich currency plan, and said the party must keep in step with the great Democratic movement sweeping over the land to-day. It was a straightforward, intelligible talk, but not exciting enough to restrain Champ Clark's friends from again croaking "Good night!"

Wilson Speaks

IT TOOK Wilson to do that. Governor Wilson is an uncommonly good speaker. He escapes all the old-time bellowing, yet speaks with force

and fire, and with what in an actor is called authority. He states facts with excellent clearness, and every now and then flashes across them a new and epigrammatic point of view—as when, for instance, in speaking of Jackson, he said: "It is an interesting reflection that principles have no anniversaries, but only men and events." His occasional broad "A's," "rise" pronounced "rice," give one the novel feeling of hobnobbing with a scholar, and, at the same time, he is quick to use all the tricks of the stump.

There was one really dramatic moment when such a device seemed about to lead to something very interesting. Governor Wilson had been painting over, with fairly splashing strokes, the supposed gap between himself and Mr. Bryan—"that one interesting fixed point" which had remained unshaken and serene during all the ups and downs of recent years. He had just handed Mr. Bryan one of these bouquets, and the crowd were applauding when some one yelled: "What's the matter with Bryan?"

Governor Wilson turned quickly, fixed on the man his cool and self-possessed eye, and said: "What is the matter with Bryan?"

The room was still as a mouse, the Peerless Leader looked up with interest, and it seemed as if Mr. Wilson was going to come out of his typewritten speech and indulge in one of those moments of illuminating human frankness so rare in politicians, and so powerful an asset of Colonel Roosevelt's, however one may disagree with what his frankness reveals.

"The trouble with Mr. Bryan—" said Mr. Wilson, and then he stepped quickly back into his prepared speech by the rather commonplace bridge—"was that business was in private hands, and the Government in private hands." It was a disappointment, but interesting as showing his knowledge of the tricks of the trade.

Governor Wilson contrasted the Federalist doctrine that the people ought not to be trusted too much, that, as he put it, "those who have the biggest stake in the country are the safest ones to intrust its government to, and if you follow them you'll share in their prosperity," with that of a broader democracy. He said that no one could comprehend the complexity of present industrial and economic conditions well enough to conceive a plan that would cover all circumstances, but that as investigations disclosed the processes of monopoly, we could take hold of point after point in definite statutes. Separate monopoly into its elements, and then adopt the rule of Donnybrook Fair and hit a head when you saw it.

Democrat vs. Federalist

YOU could not stop combination by law, but you might stop the combinations of combination. You could dissect here without cutting living tissue. A capital operation was always



Mr. Bryan surveys the situation with undiminished cheerfulness



Governor Folk of Missouri, who believes that Democrats should be democratic

radical, but it also had to be conservative. People shivered at radicalism, not because of the remedies suggested, but at the statement of facts. The facts were so bad that one who did state them frankly sounded like a person who would not stop at anything. Such fears were ungrounded. Those who thought that the Democrats wanted to harm business were unable to comprehend the fundamental meaning of democracy. You couldn't have any sane idealism, or even patriotism, unless you had a sound body first. And it was inconceivable that Democrats wanted to hurt business because business was the lifeblood of the people.

There was a lot of applause after Mr. Wilson's speech—all, probably, that could be expected in such a place—although it was not wild applause. It was easily the most impressive talk of the evening—the only one that



Representative Underwood of Alabama was not at the dinner—a possibility nevertheless

had in it that quality which stirs people's imagination as well as satisfies their common sense.

Then Senator Kern endeavored to make a comparison between Jackson's treatment of the United States Bank and President Roosevelt's dealings with Mr. Gary and Mr. Frick in the matter of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Nicholas Biddle came to Jackson, so Senator Kern said, and tried to force him to give up his attack on the United States Bank. "General Jackson," said he, "we have the power to make and unmake presidents and governors and congressmen; we have the power to bring prosperity or ruin to the people." "If that is true," said Old Hickory, "you've got a damned sight more power than ought to belong to any set of men in a free country."

And Jackson appealed to the people, Senator Kern said, and, regardless of threats of panic, they reelected him by a well-nigh unanimous vote. Financial distress followed, but "they gladly paid the price, for in that day men were willing to endure financial distress that free institutions might not perish." According to Senator Kern, the steel men tried the same tactics on President Roosevelt that Nicholas Biddle tried on Jackson—with a different result.

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst, who had been making bread pills and looking worried, thereupon got up and explained the duty of a Democrat. The bodyguard cried: "Go it, Willie!" and Mr. Hearst, who is still quite boyishly human in some ways, although in politics, flashed on them his quick smile, and then sobered down to say that when a progressive Republican got progressive enough he progressed out of the Republican party and into the Democratic party. Mr. La Follette belonged in the Democratic party already, he said, and would never be nominated by the Republicans.

"Go it, Willie!"

LESS fortunate than some speakers who also write out their speeches beforehand, Mr. Hearst is not able to convey the air of not having done so. He is not an orator, yet he can knock out some pretty entertaining stuff when he gets under way. He was at his sprightliest when he compared Mr. Roosevelt to Harlequin, "capering backward and forward and sidewise over the political stage, carrying not a big stick but a slap-stick, appearing unexpectedly through every trapdoor of opportunism, and disappearing acrobatically through every open window of time-saving expediency."

With Roosevelt as Harlequin, Root as Columbine, Rockefeller as Clown, and Morgan as Pantaloon, the progressive movement, Mr. Hearst opined, would "become a roaring Christmas pantomime, culminating in a spectacular transformation scene with prosperity dissolving into panic, and Morgan and Rockefeller once more saving the country in order to divide it satisfactorily between themselves."

Champ Clark had been getting sadder and sadder, and you would have thought to see him tap his throat, close his pensive eyes, and shake his head, that he could hardly speak above a whisper. The Missouri statesman belongs, however, to the homely old dogged "Let-us-say-

what-we-mean-and-mean-what-we-say-uh" school of orators, who can make a noise as if they were tearing out their larynxes, and keep it up for hours.

Champ allowed that a good deal of theory had been talked, but that an ounce of practice was worth a ton of it; that a Democrat was a man who believed in democracy and voted the Democratic ticket; that the only way to promote Democratic politics was to elect a Democratic President, Senate, and House; and, although it would need 800,000 of those who fought on the other side in 1898, he pointed with pride to the record of the present Congress, and believed that they could do it. It "looked like that nothing would unite the Republicans," the tide was at the flood, and if the party didn't take it such a chance might never come again. It was a perfectly capable effort of a certain familiar sort, but scarcely revealed the Missouri statesman as of the stature of Wilson. The night was waning at this time, but not so the steam of the five other indomitable orators. There were fifteen speakers and each one had a type-written speech, which, after observing the lateness of the hour, he sailed in and delivered to the ultimate syllable.

Consider, in these moments, the sensations of Mr. Bryan—the one person next to Governor Wilson that the crowd wanted to hear—as hour after hour dragged on, the room became bluer, eyes more bleary, and the chance of swinging the audience off its feet more difficult. It was painful, and the Peerless Leader, with all his tact and good humor, could not quite conceal it.

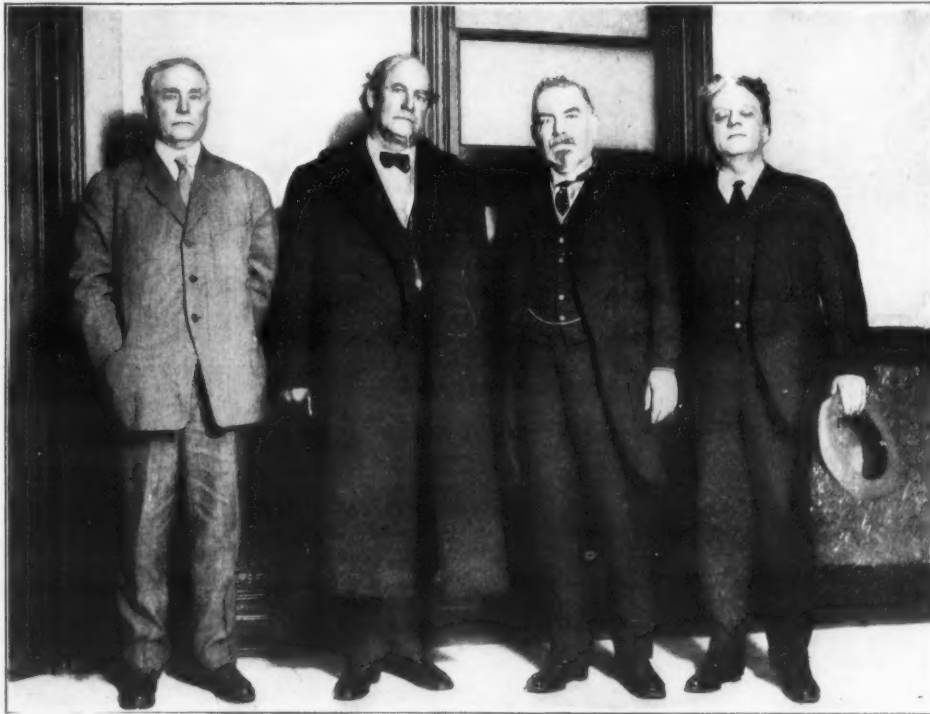
The Real Troubles of an Orator

SENATOR NEWLANDS, still voluble and smiling, made a good speech, although not a good speech for two o'clock in the morning. Mr. Newlands wanted his party to do something for the next five months—"Why," he demanded, with quivering finger aloft, "should we not?"—and then, one after another, he outlined a dozen or so pieces of legislation. And every time he began a new one he asked again, "Why should we not?" and turned and shook the oratorical finger at Mr. Bryan, and each time poor Mr. Bryan, with his broad mouth closed in a grim smile, had to blink his eyes and nod his approval.

Up rose then the Hon. Atlee Pomerene of Ohio to hurl back into the teeth of the enemy all charges made against his leader, Governor Harmon. Governor Harmon had been criticized, but the criticisms had been refuted by a staggering majority at the polls. Ohio had its favorite candidate, but if the party did not call him they would not sulk in their tents, but gird up their loins and be first in the fray.

When Senator Taylor of Tennessee—Fiddling Bob, as he is affectionately known to the constituents through whom he played his way into politics—slowly arose, and with a "Misto' Toastmastah," first greeted the beautiful morn, and then began a story about a negro who went to sleep in a train with his mouth open, and having the contents of a ten-grain quinine capsule dropped therein, awoke and, yelling for help, informed the conductor that "his gall was busted," the crowd awoke to the fact that they were to hear something out of the usual militant style.

Nowhere outside of America, perhaps, could you hear anything like Senator Taylor's speech, because nowhere else, probably, would a dignified elderly gentleman get up and emit such a curious and altogether entertaining



Chairman Mack of the National Committee stands at the left. Then Mr. Bryan, Senator O'Gorman of New York, and Urey Woodson of Kentucky, Secretary of the Democratic National Committee

jumble of sense and absurdity, serious argument, and vaudeville. Senator Taylor belongs to the old dithyrambic school, the consciously lowery, and he does it so well and in such a mellifluous, caressing Southern accent that he gets away with it.

In this sweet Lydian strain he sung the beauties of his native State, which lay, he sometimes thought, "between the happiest lines of latitude and longitude that girdle the globe." He touched on the birth of Uncle Sam—"when he blew his nose in his handkerchief kings



Champ Clark, who comes from Missouri and would not mind being a candidate

The tariff and the still infant industries reminded him of the story of a ho'seman in his own mountains of eastern Tennessee. The ho'seman was riding along and he met a woman; and then a little later a big six-foot boy bawling: "Ma-a-aw! Ma-a-aw! I want my Maw!" The ho'seman stopped and said: "Boy, what you want of you Maw?" Said the boy: "She's tryin' to wean me, an' doggone it, I—" and the rest was lost in an uproar.

Senator Johnson of Maine saw no reason why his State shouldn't stay Democratic if the party put up the proper man and behaved themselves. He spoke eloquently of a baseball player making a sacrifice hit to bring in a run, and then advised his comrades to go into the campaign in the same spirit.

Under the circumstances, it was rather a doubtful advantage to be placed last, but Mr. Bryan, once on his feet, was as smooth and fluent as ever, and he started out right away to water the harmony plant with a reference to "that distinguished educator who proves that the learning of the schools may be used in the service of humanity."

He spoke with some humor of his attempts on the Presidency, disclaimed in general terms any present ambitions, and said that when people asked him why he had insisted on running so many times, he was reminded of the fat woman who asked a gentleman to help her off the train. She was so large, she said, that she had to get off backward, and she had been trying to get off for three stations, but the conductor, thinking that she was going the other way, had insisted on pushing her on.

Bryan Has the Last Word

THIS more or less impromptu part of Mr. Bryan's talk was done with his usual grace, but when he began pounding into a Chautauqua lecture on the passing of plutocracy and the wave of altruism now sweeping over the world—all very well at a camp meeting under the trees on a summer afternoon, but another thing at 3 A. M., there seemed nothing for it but flight. This was easier said than done, for several hundred patriots, bound to get the full value of their five dollars, or, gnawed by an incomprehensible famine for words, were pushing up, tighter and tighter, and roaring every time Mr. Bryan suggested the possibility of stopping: "No—NO!" Go on, go ON!"

Nothing that Mr. Bryan would say seemed likely, however, to alter the fact, already pretty clearly developed, that of the Presidential figures here gathered, Woodrow Wilson was, for the present at least, easily the most commanding.

Sustained by this conclusion, it was possible to burrow through even a United Democracy, and after sticking one's head out of the window, and taking ten methodical gulps of clear January air, to tumble gratefully into bed.

trembled on their thrones"—and so on down through Old Hickory to chanting the power of steam. He wished that Robert Fulton might come back again to stand on the dock "at New Yoke and to see the Kaisereen come in with an ex-President standin' on huh deck, with one foot on a hippopotamus and the otho' foot on a rhinoceros, a hyena unda' each arm and a boa-constrictor in his trouser's pocket,

"Leaving the lion, still nursing his fears, The widowed wart-hog rooting in her tears—"

From steam, Senator Taylor meandered to electricity and aeroplanes, and

"When ships ah in the ocean, And ships ah in the sky, When the West is irrigatin' And the South is goin' dry—"

wished that Ben Franklin might come back to take up the telephone and "call up Thomas Jefferson in heaven and tell him that this fall there was goin' to be a Democratic victory."

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Why Do Men Kill?

An Analysis by a Former State Prosecutor of the Causes of Homicide

WHEN my shrewd but genial friend—the editor of this paper—called me up on the telephone and asked me how I should like to write an article (a "story," he called it) on the above lurid title, I laughed in his—I mean the telephone's face. "My dear fellow!" I said (I should only have the nerve to call him that over a wire). "My dear fellow! It would ruin me! How could I keep my self-respect and write that kind of sensational stuff—me, a reputable, conservative, dry-as-dust member of the bar! Go to! Why do men kill? Ha-ha! Why do men eat? Why do men drink? Why do men love? Why do men—"

"Yes," came back his somewhat cynical voice. "Why?" "How do I know?" I answered, still trying to be jocular. "I never killed anybody!" "Eh?" said he. I paused. "Well," I admitted, "never actually with my own hand, old chap! I have—taken part—so to speak—in—proceedings that ultimately resulted in the death of certain human beings—in a perfectly legal way, but I'm not sure that I entirely approved of it. Duty, you know! Salary—I had a growing family."

"Look here!" he interrupted. "I want that story. I want to know something. I do! I want to know why one man kills another man. If we knew why, maybe we could stop it, couldn't we? We could try to, anyhow."



A young girl and her fiancé, planning their honeymoon, were unexpectedly interrupted by a rejected suitor of the girl's, who shot and killed them both

And you know something about it. You've prosecuted nearly a hundred men for murder. Get the facts—that's what I want. Cut the adjectives and morality, and get down to the reasons. Anything particularly undignified about that?"

"No-o," I began, taking a fresh start. "All right," he replied crisply. "Send it up for January." And he rang off. After I had hung up the receiver that sensational title kept jingling in my head.

"WHY do men kill?
O WHY do men kill?
Yes, WHY do men kill?
Yes—WHY!"

I arose and walked over to the bookcase on which reposed several shelves of "minutes" of criminal trials. They were dusty and depressing. Practically every one of them was a memento of some poor devil gone to prison or to the chair. Where were they now—and why did they kill—yes, why did they?

I glanced along the red-labeled backs. "People versus Candido." Now why did he kill? I remembered the Italian perfectly. He killed his friend because the latter had been too attentive to his wife. "People versus Higgins." Why did he? That was a drunken row on a New Year's Eve within the sound of Trinity chiming. "People versus Sterling Greene." Yes, he was a colored man—I recalled the evidence—drink and a "yellow gal." "People versus Mock Duck"—a Chinese feud between the On Leong Tong and the Hip Sing Tong—a vendetta, first one Chink shot and then another, turn and turn about, running back through Mott Street, New York, Boston, San Francisco, until the origin of the quarrel was lost in the dim Celestial mists across the sea. Out of the first four cases the following motives: Jealousy—1. Drink—1. Jealousy—1. Scattering (how can you term a "Tong" row?)—1. I began to get interested. Supposing I dug out all the homicide cases I had ever tried, what would the result show as to motive for the killing? Would drink and women account for 75 per cent? Mentally I ran my eye back over nearly ten years. What other motives had the defendants at the bar had? There was Laudiero—an Italian "Camorrista"—he had killed simply for the dis-

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

tingtion it gave him among his countrymen and the satisfaction he felt at being known as a "bad" man—a "capo maestro." There was Joseph Ferrone—purely jealousy again. Hendry—animal hate intensified by drink. Yocow—a deliberate murder, planned in advance by several of a gang, to get rid of a young bully who had made himself generally unpleasant. There was Childs, who had killed, as he claimed, in self-defense because he was set upon and assaulted by rival runners from another seaman's boarding house. Really it began to look as if men killed for a lot of reasons. I wanted to call up my friend the editor and ask what kind of killings counted. Did he simply want to know why men murdered one another? He couldn't possibly mean that I was to attempt to explain why they saw fit to exterminate each other by means of capital punishment? Or ran over one another in trains and automobiles? Or allowed each other to die from unsanitary conditions? Or lynched one another?—there was only one reason for that I knew. Or killed themselves? Nor did he mean to have me go into the question of why they killed elsewhere—in Naples, Sicily, Constantinople, and so on.

No; what he wanted to find out was why men in the United States of America killed other men of their own kind without malice aforethought—legal and quasi-legal killings excluded. Moreover, he wanted to know from the actual personal experience of those who had weighed the evidence as to their motives in a sufficiently large number of cases to be representative.

The Quest for Motives

ONE consideration at once suggested itself. How about the killings where the murderer is never caught? The prisoners tried for murder are only a mere fraction of those who commit murder. True, and the more deliberate the murder the greater, unfortunately, the chance of the villain getting away. Still, in cases merely of suspected murder, or in cases where no evidence is taken, it would be manifestly unfair arbitrarily to assign motives for the deed, if deed it was. No, one must start with the assumption, sufficiently accurate under all the circumstances, that the killings in which the killer is caught are fairly representative of killings as a whole.

All crimes naturally tend to divide themselves into two classes—crimes against property and crimes against the person, each class having an entirely different assortment of reasons for their commission.

There can be practically but one motive for theft, burglary, or robbery. It is, of course, conceivable that such crimes might be perpetrated for revenge—to deprive the victim of some highly prized possession. But in the main there is only one object—unlawful gain. So, too, blackmail, extortion, and kidnapping are all the products of the desire for "easy money." But, unquestionably, this is the reason for murder in comparatively few cases.

The usual motive for crimes against the person—as assault, manslaughter, mayhem, murder, etc.—is the desire to punish, or be avenged upon another by inflicting



One man had killed a girl who had ridiculed him



One man was killed in a fuss over some beer

personal pain upon him or by depriving him of his most valuable asset—life. And this desire for retaliation or revenge generally grows out of a recent humiliation received at the hands of the other person, a real or fancied wrong to oneself, a member of one's family or one's property. But this was too easy an answer to my friend's, the editor's, question. He could have got that much out of any elementary textbook on penology. He wanted and deserved more than that for his money, and I set out to give it to him.

My first inquiry was in the direction of original sources. I sought out the man in the District Attorney's office who had had the widest general experience and put the question to him. This was Mr. Charles C. Nott, Jr., who has been trying murder cases for nearly ten years. It so happened that he had kept a complete record of all of them and this he courteously placed at my disposal. The list contains sixty-two cases, and the defendants were of diverse races. These homicides included fifteen committed in cold blood (nearly twenty-five per cent, an extraordinary percentage) from varying motives, as follows: One defendant (white) murdered his colored mistress simply to get rid of her; another killed out of revenge because the deceased had "licked" him several times before; another, having quarreled with his friend over a glass of soda water, later on returned and precipitated a quarrel by striking him, in the course of which he killed him; another because the deceased had induced his wife to desert him; another lay in wait for his victim and killed him without the motive ever being ascertained; one man killed his brother to get a sum of money, and another because his brother would not give him money; another because he believed the deceased had betrayed the Armenian cause to the Turks; another because he wished to get the deceased out of the way in order to marry his wife; and another because deceased had knocked him down the day before. One man had killed a girl who had ridiculed him; and one a girl who had refused to marry him; another had killed his daughter because she could no longer live in the house with him; one, an informer, had been the victim of a Black Hand vendetta; and the last had poisoned his wife for the insurance money in order to go off with another woman. There were two cases of infanticide, in one of which a woman threw her baby into the lake in Central Park and in the other gave it poison. Besides these murders, five homicides had been committed in the course of perpetrating other crimes, including burglary and robbery.

Preponderance of Trifling Causes

PASSING over three cases of culpable negligence resulting in death, we come to thirty-seven homicides during quarrels, some of which might have been technically classified as murders, but which, being committed "in the heat of passion," in practically every instance resulted in a verdict of manslaughter. The quarrels often arose over the most trifling matters. One was a dispute over a broom, another over a horse blanket, another over food, another over a 25-cent bet in a pool game, another over a loan of 50 cents, another over 10 cents in a crap game, and still another over \$1.30 in a crap game. Five men were killed in drunken rows which had no immediate cause except the desire to "start something." One man killed another because he had not prevented the theft of some lumber, one (a policeman) because the deceased would not "move on" when ordered, one because a bartender refused to serve him with any more drinks, and one (a bartender) because the deceased insisted that he should serve more drinks. One man was killed in a quarrel over politics, one in a fuss over some beer, one in a card game, one trying to rob a fruit stand, one in a dispute with a ship's officer, one in a dance hall row. One man killed another whom he found with his wife, and one wife killed her husband for a similar cause; another wife killed her husband simply because she "could not stand him," and one because he was fighting with their son. One man was killed by another who was trying to collect from him a debt of \$600. One quarrel resulting in homicide arose because the defendant had pointed out deceased to the police, another because the participants got calling each other names, and another arose out of an alleged seduction. Three homicides grew out of

street rows originating in various ways. One man killed another who was fighting with a friend of the first, a janitor was killed in a "continuous row" which had been going on for a long time, and one homicide was committed for "nothing in particular."

This astonishing olla-podrida of reasons for depriving men of their lives leaves one stunned and confused. Is it possible to deduce any order out of such homicidal chaos? Still, an attempt to classify such diverse causes enables one to reach certain general conclusions. Out of the 62 homicides there were 17 cold-blooded murders, with deliberation and premeditation (in such cases the reasons for the killing are by comparison unimportant); 3 homicides due to negligence, 5 committed while perpetrating a felony; 37 manslaughters, due in 16 cases to quarrels (simply), 13 to drink, 4 to disputes over money, 3 to women, 1 to race antagonism.

A Reclassification

RECLASSIFYING the 17 murders according to causes, we have: 6 due to women, 4 to quarrels, 5 to other causes, and 2 infanticides. Added to the manslaughters previously classified, we have a total of 62 killings, due in 20 cases to quarrels, 13 to drink, 9 to women, 4 to disputes over money, 1 to race antagonism, 5 to general causes, 3 to negligence, 2 infanticides, 5 during other crimes.

The significant features of this analysis are that about 75 per cent of the killings were due to quarrels over small sums or other matters, drink and women; over 50 per cent to drink and petty quarrels, and about 30 per cent to quarrels simply. The trifling character of the causes of the quarrels themselves is shown by the fact that in three of these particular cases, tried in a single week, the total amount involved in the disputes was only 85 cents. That is about 28½ cents a life. Many a murder in a barroom grows out of an argument over whether a glass of beer has, or has not, been paid for, or whose turn it is to treat; and more than one man has been killed in New York City because he was too clumsy to avoid stepping on somebody's feet or bumping into another man on the sidewalk.

The writer sincerely regrets that his own lack of initiative prevented his keeping a diary similar to that of his colleague, Mr. Nott, during his seven years' serv-



One man was killed in a card game

ice as a prosecutor. It is now impossible for him to refresh his memory as to the causes of all the various homicides which he prosecuted, but where he can do so the evidence points to a conclusion similar to that deduced from Mr. Nott's record. The proximate causes were trifling—the underlying cause was the lack of civilization of the defendant—his brutality and absence of self-control.

The Method of Inquiry

WITH a view to ascertaining conditions in general throughout the United States, I asked a clipping agency to send me the first one hundred notices of actual homicides which should come under its scissors. The immediate result of this experiment was that I received forty-five notices supposedly relating to murders and homi-

cides, which on closer examination proved to be anything but what I wanted for the purpose in view. With only one or two exceptions they related not to deaths from violence reported as having occurred on any particular day, but notices of convictions, acquittals, indictments, pleas of guilty and not guilty, rewards offered, sentences, executions, "suspensions" of the police, "mysteries revived," and even editorials on capital punishment.

An Analysis of 100 Murders

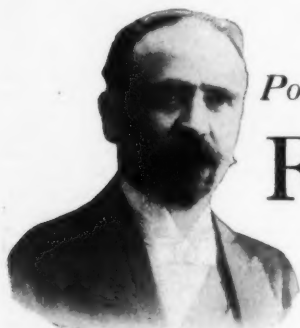
A LETTER of protest brought in due course, but much more slowly, 107 clippings, which yielded up the following reasons why men killed: There were 4 suicides, 3 lynchings, 1 infanticide, 3 murders while resisting arrest, 3 criminals killed while resisting arrest, 2 men killed in riots, 8 murders in the course of committing burglaries and robberies, 7 persons killed in vendettas, 3 race murders, and 24 killed in quarrels over petty causes; there were 12 murders from jealousy, followed in four instances by suicide on the part of the murderer; 6 killings justifiable on the "higher law" theory only, but involving great provocation, and 30 deliberate slaughters. The last clipping recounted how an irate husband pounded a "masher" so hard that he died. Leaving out the suicides and those killed while resisting arrest, there remain 100 persons murdered, not by persons insane or wild from the effects of liquor, but by robbers and burglars; brutes, bullies, and thugs, husbands, wives, and lovers, and by a vast number of people who not only destroyed their enemies in the fury of anger, but in many instances openly went out gunning for them, lay in wait for them in the dark, or hacked off their heads with hatchets while they slept.

It is indeed a sanguinary record, from which little consolation is to be derived, and the only comfort is the probability that the accounts of the first 100 murders anywhere in Europe would undoubtedly be just as blood-curdling. I had simply asked the clipping bureau to send me 100 horrors and I got them. They did not indicate anything at all so far as the ratio of homicide to population was concerned or as to the bloodthirstiness of Americans in general. They merely showed what despicable things murders were. (Continued on page 25)

The Situation in Mexico

Political Skies There Presage a Storm Which Will Test Again the Ability of Madero

By JOHN A. AVIRETTE



President Madero

Reyes was a vain and senile old Bombastes Furioso, and considered as a joke, even by the bands who raided and marauded under his aegis.

Revolutions may be broadly classed under two heads—the spontaneous and the artificial. Madero waged the former against Diaz, and Reyes attempted the latter against Madero. The he-witches who stirred the late uncanny mess, and added the hell-bane, adder's-blood, lies, and calumny, are now turning sycophantically to Madero.

The real movers of the trouble are sitting tight and saying nothing. The reason of their inaction is that they are terrified by the butcheries, burnings, robberies, and general anarchies of Emilio Zapata and the Tuerro Rozales. They want Madero to first exterminate Zapatism ere they again try to exterminate him.

Madero's friends are the loyal regular army, all thinking democrats, and the great mass of the proletariats. The first will support him as the legal head of the Government; the second so long as he retains a modicum of real democratic tendencies; the third so long as they still hope that he will split up the holdings of the *Haciendados* (land barons) and materially alter the unfortunate conditions of the poor.

The business men of the country, the manufacturers, the miners, the storekeepers, and traders, who are purely the partisans of trade, and who want peace at any price, in order that they may safely ply their vocations, are for Madero as long as he maintains a stable government. The convictions of these men are negligible and do not go outside of their moneybags. They are for anyone who can make trade or travel safe—be his name Reyes, Diaz, or Madero.

The Enemies of Madero

THE unconditional and constitutional enemies of Madero's government are the great *Haciendados*, the Clericals, and the Outs. These three powerful elements will continue to be the active antagonists of Madero no matter what he does or does not do. The land barons do not want, nor will they willingly tolerate, any subdivision of their landed holdings—in order to provide home plots for the indigent peons. They may then be safely counted on to continue declaiming against Madero as a danger-

ous paranoiac and demagogue, whose removal would be a public benefaction.

The Clericals are the constitutional enemies of Madero for various reasons of self-interest. First: he is a Mason; secondly, he is a Progressive; thirdly, he is a Spiritualist—all of which things are abhorrent to the theological mind. No matter what the ostensible public policy of the Clericals may be, their mental attitude toward Madero will be purely that of the "odium theologum."

The Outs are the usual mongrel political jackals, who in all countries raise a chorus of lies and calumny against the successful hunter, or lion, who fails to consider their appetites. It was the howlings of this element that befuddled poor old General Reyes and led him to perform his late pitiable fiasco.

Reyism Has Been Long Dead

REYISM in Mexico has been dead for some years, and it was only its ghost that crossed the Rio Grande on the 14th of December. In his vigorous youth and active middle-age, this man was a fine soldier, an excellent administrator, and almost an international figure. His political death took place some years since, when he failed to head a revolution against Diaz, even though he was the almost unanimous choice of the nation at large for this work. Had he done then what he senilely attempted in December, 1911, he would have become the President of Mexico. He is by constitution a Pretorian and a Reactive, so the nation is well rid of him. He will now probably receive a contemptuous pardon, get over his present fright, conspire once again—and again become a political joke. Age and nerve failure have given him the count of ten. His revolution was purely an echo of the past—purely a loud noise. *Cave adsum!*

Gomez Vasquez is a far more dangerous personality than Reyes. He has brains and is still vigorous. He knows how to wait. He is a real cloud.

But the chief peril to an enduring democratic form of government is not from the individual but from the masses. The Mexican people are not yet ready for a true republic. It will take at least another generation of earnest education and true political fatherhood to bring them to a point where they may be safely allowed to wield the ballot. Benito Juarez gave an advanced constitution to an illiterate and unmoral plebeiscite. The result was first chaos and then Diaz. Madero is attempting exactly the same thing with the same people, but little more advanced, and still in their political childhood. That he courts failure goes without saying—since liberty is meat for the strong and unfitted for the infantile stomach. The logical course of things Mexican should then be—political indigestion, toxic autopoisoning, and a return to the delirium of revolution.

The people do not understand laws, principles, and constitutions—seeing only the figures that move on the

stage. Because of this state of facts, public opinion in Mexico is a sort of a Pantagruel affair, and largely a matter of the belly. If you feed me, I see and sing all your virtues! If I get no material food from your hands, you are a traitor, a demagogue, and a tyrant—one to be expunged! Madero is now being "jockeyed" toward a dictatorship by his scheming enemies. The press at large of Mexico has been actively digging his political grave with pens. He must either gag the writers with money, curb the "freedom" of the press, or suffer overthrow at their hands. The likelihood is that he will use force to attempt to silence them, for he is stubborn—and in this instance morally right. If he does this, then his rule will be short, since they will become enraged still more and traduce him to defeat.

The one chance of Madero is that he temporize with the people until he has reorganized and augmented the army. Let him then quietly disarm all the ranchers and also prohibit the introduction of ammunition into the country. If he will do this, and then be a benevolent despot to his people, he will have saved them from themselves. Fortunately, he is said to be personally honest and to really desire the welfare of the people beyond his own individual interests; yet let his benevolence slacken one iota and he will in all human probability fall. If his Governors of States and their satellites begin again the saturnalia of speculation that went on under the past "Scientifico" régime, the masses will rise against him. If, as is probable, they begin to hurriedly make hay, and he attempts to enforce honesty in their administration, his satellites will turn against him. He may then count on the masses to support him—if, in the meanwhile, he has honestly attempted to keep his prelection promises to these masses.

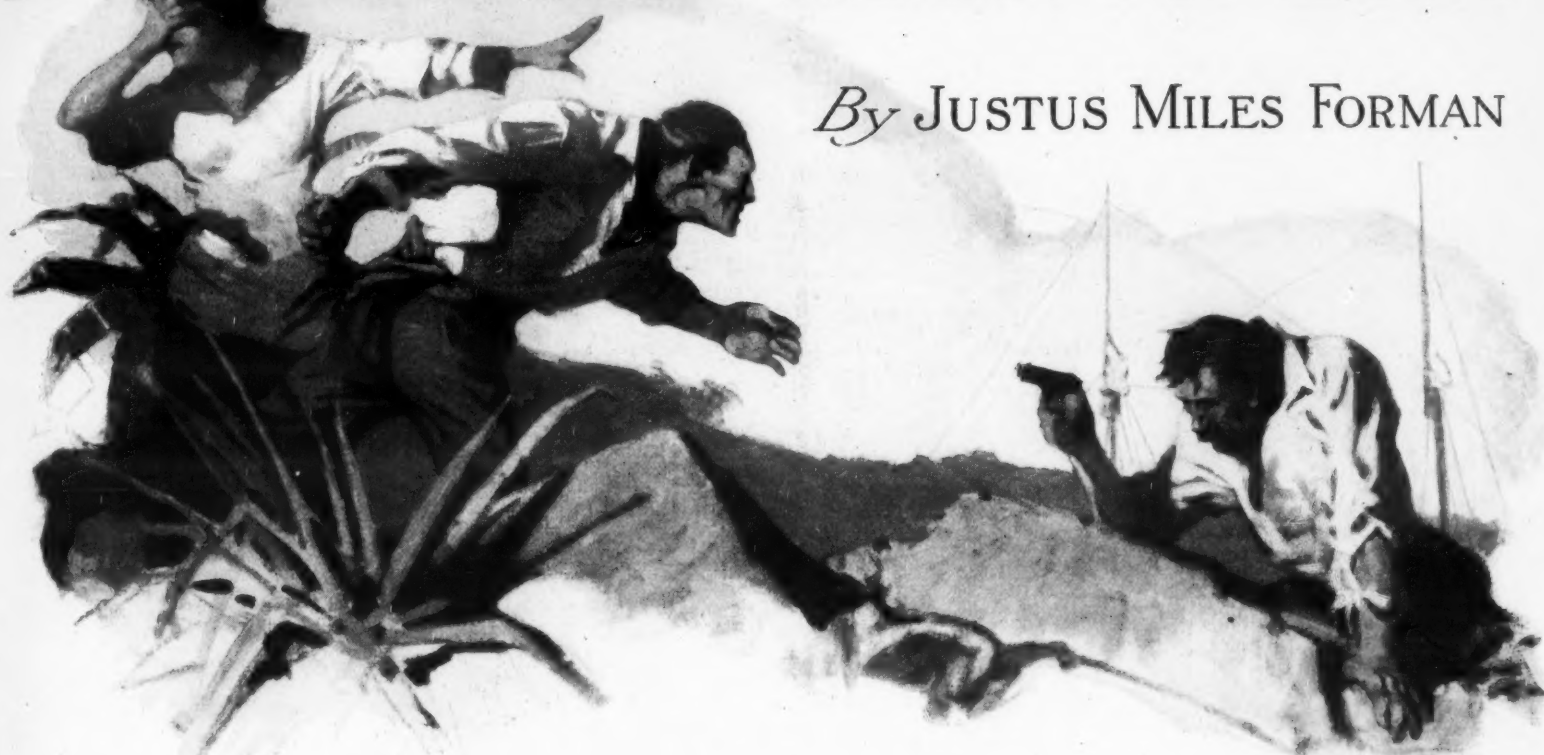
Socialism also has invaded Mexico, where it was first known as Magonism, and has had a wide spread among the peon class, who only understand that it treats of a redistribution of all lands among the people. The outbreaks in the south and southwest of Mexico are due directly to this propaganda. They have called themselves Reyists, Zapatists, Gomists, etc.—yet, in fact, their flag is in all cases the red flag. The "rich and responsible" people of Mexico have clearly neglected their duty to their poorer brethren, allowing them to grow up in enforced peonage, squalor, and vice. The present conditions are purely due to this sin of omission. If Madero is a genius, if he is as honest as many claim him to be, he has a chance to carry his people through this crisis. But he has an equal chance of joining the ranks of the "thinker-martyrs" of history. In any case he must fight—for he cannot build a fire and put it out at the same time.

The Hope for the Future

THE writer believes in the future of Mexico. He thinks that the Mexican people will emerge from the ordeal better, cleaner, and more fit for the trial, yet he believes that we have simply seen the beginning of the ferment that, *Deo volente*, will eventuate in the strong wine of Justice and true Freedom.

THE HARVEST MOON AT LOLO

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN



ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

THE only drinkable water to be had within five hundred miles of that area of the Pacific is at Lolo, and Feydeau guessed that the *Southern Cross*, after two weeks at sea, would put in there to fill her butts. He himself in the *Hawk* dropped down to Lolo from the shelter of near-by Pā toward morning of a moonless night.

He had on board his Maori bo'sun, two Kanaka boys, one of whom could cook, and Smith, the gigantic young American he had picked off the beach at Tahiti to replace one Saunders lately deceased of fever. The young American had curly hair, a neck resembling the trunk of a tree, and an amiable smile. He was modeled in the purest Greek tradition of the classical era, but Smith didn't know that—nor Feydeau either. Feydeau thought he looked as if he could give a good account of himself in a row, and Feydeau was right. He could and often had—hence the loss of a mate's ticket, a pretty bad name in several ports, and, in the end, the beach at Tahiti. But, for all this, there was no vice in young Mr. Smith, as anyone might see by his smile. If he had hit out rather too hard on a number of occasions it was because he was pardonably annoyed and because he was stronger, than most men. He was feeding an outcast dog with begged bread when Feydeau first caught sight of him.

HE JUMPED at the chance of being deputy policeman and hunting down an escaped convict, especially when he heard that the fugitive was the notorious Mawson. He told Feydeau that he didn't at all like several of the things Mawson was reputed to have done.

Lolo is a volcanic island (though not very high) surrounded by a coral reef, broken here and there; and a curious water passage, like a river, winds into it from the lagoon a distance of half a mile or thereabouts, and then stops. The passage is overhung by trees and moss and all sorts of tropical stuff, but a small schooner can enter it and be towed nearly to its inner end.

Feydeau hid the *Hawk* just within the entrance to the passage and, taking young Smith and the Maori with him, set off on foot to reconnoiter. They carried repeating rifles in their hands, and both Feydeau and Smith wore magazine pistols in holsters.

It wasn't bad going, for the ground was fairly clear of undergrowth, but the cocoa palms stood close and tall like columns in a mosque, and now and then there were thickets of wild banana. They hadn't crept more than a quarter of a mile inland (though it seemed to young Smith that he had been groping in the gloom for hours) when they came upon the *Southern Cross* moored snug against the bank of the inlet, with no lights burning and no sign of life near by. Just beyond, the ground rose abruptly to a height of something like thirty feet—they could see the crest of the rise black against the sky up among the palm trunks—and the water passage bent aside to curve round the foot of the hill.

But at the dim sight of that still little craft lying like a water bird asleep in the darkness, Feydeau drew a great gasping breath that must have meant relief and satisfaction and joy too deep for words to express them, and he stopped and leaned against a palm tree, and, after a moment, young Smith heard him say in an unsteady whisper:

"It's mine. It's mine." At least that is what the American thought he heard Feydeau say, but it might have been: "He's mine," for presently he said to Smith—still in a whisper, of course:

"We've got him now. We're between him and the sea. We can pick him off as soon as he stirs out in the morning."

Young Smith didn't really care for that idea. It wasn't his notion of sport to shoot a man down from behind a tree, not even when the man was such a poisonous blackguard and menace to society as Bully Mawson. He wasn't a squeamish young man, and he had been hoping all along that if they ever caught Mawson up the fellow would make a good fight and have to be killed instead of taken alive. But potted at from ambush! That was too much. He didn't like it, and he meant to tell Feydeau so, but at just that moment something occurred to distract him.

They were standing all three together—Feydeau, Smith, and the Maori bo'sun—near the bank of the waterway, straining their eyes to make out what details they could of the little vessel that lay in the gloom a few yards off across the inlet, when quite suddenly and without the slightest sound something blacker than the night rose out of the earth before them—a gigantic figure bigger even than Smith, and, on the instant, fire burst from it—a great flower of brilliant fire—exactly like a rocket bursting against the gloom of a black sky.

IT SEEMED to Smith that the explosion occurred directly in his face, so that he was blinded by it and thought he was done for, and wondered, even while the roar deafened his ears, why he didn't fall. But it was the Maori who fell instead, without a cry, and, before Smith's eyes could see again, there was another roar—Feydeau's pistol—and the huge black shape was down, thumping and threshing in the gloom.

Smith and Feydeau ran a few yards and dropped on their knees to watch and listen. The Maori, poor chap, never stirred after he dropped, but the man Feydeau had done for—a native—struggled and gasped for a few moments before he was still. Other than that there was no sound whatever—not so much as the stirring of a bird—a silence that was somehow as black as the night. It got on young Smith's nerves, that uncanny blank of stillness did. It wasn't natural or right. Mawson and the others of his crew ought to have come charging and shouting and rampaging through the palms. They ought at least to have shown where they were even if it was only to run away. But there was only that beastly black silence and the sound of Smith's heart thumping, and, at slow, regular intervals, a far-away faint sound like a broom across carpet—the sea breaking on the reef.

But after what seemed several years of this—during which he had to fight an insane desire to yell, just to see what it would sound like—young Smith's ears caught the very slightest crackling noise from halfway up the steep rise of ground above him—a noise as if somebody's foot had trodden on and broken a bit of undergrowth. Hard upon that, a pebble came bounding down the declivity and plopped into the water. Then everything was still again. Feydeau touched his companion's arm and the two turned back among the palms toward where the *Hawk* lay by the lagoon. They knew now where the enemy was—on that fortresslike crag of hillside, but they could do nothing until daylight and they were safer on their own deck.

Feydeau worked the *Hawk* out into the lagoon, though close inshore, blocking the mouth of the passage, and anchored her there, bow and stern, with slip cables. He was in a state of profound though grim excitement—a new man—and never even spoke of the loss of the Maori, Paul, though he had valued the man highly and treated him almost like an equal. He told Smith to get an hour or two of sleep if he could, and Smith, who could have dropped off in a burning house, obeyed him

without a protest; but, for once in his life, slept ill, being annoyed by grotesque and painful dreams of the Harvest Moon, with whose history he was, of course, familiar, having been for some months in the South Pacific.

HE COULDN'T imagine, on waking, how or why that infamous and ill-omened jewel should have got into his mind. It seemed to him so odd that he spoke of it to Feydeau, who had waked him hard upon dawn. He said:

"You know that big pearl that everybody hereabouts yarns so much about—the unlucky one—the Harvest Moon?" Feydeau turned his face toward Smith in the dark, and after a moment said:

"What if I do? What of it?"

"I dreamed about it," said young Smith—"the queerest dream that ever was—you and the Harvest Moon." Feydeau crossed himself—and he wasn't a religious man either. Smith thought he might be superstitious. Heaps of people are. And he was for dropping the unpleasant subject, but Feydeau asked him in an odd voice:

"What about—me and the—Harvest Moon?" And the American said:

"Oh, the pearl was a big bright thing like a lighted Chinese lantern in the dark, and you were trying to get it. But you didn't. That was all." He ended untimely because he found himself unwilling to tell Feydeau that he saw him dead—shriveled before the fierce brightness of the Harvest Moon like a moth before an electric arc lamp.

But his chief seemed to lose interest in the matter anyhow, for he gave a harsh laugh and shook himself and began to explain how, with the first peep of dawn, he meant to attack Mawson's hillside.

Then presently they were off again, stealing through the gloom—all four of them, for the Kanaka boys went also. The sky above the eastern horizon began to gray a little—the false dawn.

SMITH, flattening himself carefully behind his boulder, stretched out one hand toward his chief.

"More cartridges! Mine are gone." The movement brought into his vision the two dead Kanaka boys lying on their backs, hard by, with flies already gathering over them, and he made a face. They'd been such cheery, willing lads! They had grown to be like pals of his, almost. He was untouched himself, but Feydeau had one cheek torn open by a bullet and looked rather gory. Above, on the rocky hilltop, one native lay dead and another hung over the crest, held somehow by his legs, head and arms pendent. So the casualties were equal, up to this moment.

A man's voice called down the slope, a weak and husky voice, that sounded as if it might once have bellowed with the best of them:

"Hawkins! Hawkins! Hawkins!"

"Who the devil does he mean by Hawkins?" demanded young Smith, and Feydeau said, kneeling up with his rifle ready:

"He means me."

"You'll never get it, Hawkins!" called that weak, husky voice from above. "Never in the world." The man must have shown himself then, for Feydeau fired quickly, but at the same instant there came a report from above and Feydeau rolled over on his face, the rifle falling under him.

Smith thought the man was gone, but he wasn't. He was shot through the right leg, and presently pulled himself up again into his former posture and began to twist his handkerchief about the thigh above the wound.

Smith would have crawled to lend a hand, but Feydeau said:

"Keep your eye aloft. There's one of them left." He gave a sudden laugh that was like a dog barking.

"I got him at last. He's done for, anyhow," Smith coughed in the bitter smoke and settled himself to watch. He was rather angry because he had been, through the past hour, as useless as if he had stayed on in Tahiti. One of the two dead natives up above had fallen to Feydeau's rifle and the other had been killed by one of the Kanakas. He himself had fired a whole pocketful of cartridges with nothing at all to show for it. And he rather fancied himself as a marksman, too. But after a few long moments of waiting he gave a quick movement, fired and sprang to his feet with an exultant cry.

"There goes the last one!" said he. "I've got that chap with the red rag on his head." And he did a little dance on the bank of the watercourse. Then his eye fell upon the dead Kanaka boys, upon Feydeau's torn cheek and bandaged leg, and he turned sober once more. This wasn't a day for laughter. He said to Feydeau:

"I'll go have a look up above there. You can't very well do the climb." And Feydeau, white and ill, nodded without speaking. But when young Smith had gone a few steps he called him back.

"Don't touch Mawson's body! Leave him alone until I get up there, after a bit. D'you understand?"

"Yes! Oh, yes, I understand," said young Smith, staring. "That is, I hear. Why shouldn't I touch Mawson's body?" But Feydeau cried out with an extraordinary and inexplicable fury:

"None of your damn business! You heard what I said, didn't you? Well, do as you're told, and shut up!" So the American, very much taken aback, went on without further comment. After all, Feydeau was his chief and bullet holes in the leg don't conduce to sweetness of temper—not always, that is.

HE CLIMBED the short, steep slope, and at the top came into a small open space oddly walled about on three sides by huge boulders—a kind of natural fortress. Smith halted between two of the boulders to take account of affairs. There were three bodies within the circle of rocks before him—not counting the native who hung over the brink held by his legs. But Smith's eyes went at once to the figure of a man with titanic shoulders and a mat of black hair and a great square beard, who lay on his back with his rifle across his legs. He had been wounded in a dozen places and was torn and red—a ghastly sight. Young Smith nodded across at him with something like respect and awe. Live as he chose, the man had at least died hard and game.

"You were a good sportsman at the finish," said young Smith. "I take my hat off to you, Mr. Mawson."

HE SHOOK his head sorrowfully over the dead native who lay huddled near by—it seemed to him to have required altogether too much blood and human life, this chase after a single man—and so turned toward his own one victim in the battle—the fellow with the red handkerchief. He stared and shook his head, quite certain that the heat and thirst and excitement had maddened him a little. He stared again, then gave a loud, terrible cry and ran and fell upon his knees.

For his victim was a young woman.

She wasn't dead, it appeared, for she was turning back and forth as she lay, and her lips quivered and her outstretched fingers closed and unclosed spasmodically. Young Smith, shaking like a man in fever, caught the girl up in his arms and tore the red handkerchief from her head. It hid a wound over the temple—a slight wound that might still have bled a good deal down into her eyes. Further than that, she had a streak torn across one shoulder—and lastly his own mark of triumph, a bluish bruise just where brow and black hair met, and where the bullet, penetrating first that crimson bandage, had struck and glanced and stunned the girl as neatly as if she had been hit by a club.

She came to her senses in Smith's arms as he crouched on the ground holding her and staring with utter horror. Her eyes opened, and she hung there quite lax, seeming, as it were, to take him in with patience, though with but a dull interest. Smith perceived distractedly that she was beautiful in a dark exotic fashion, but he was far too much overcome by horror and shame and consternation and something rather like nausea to be moved by that.

HE COULD have wept aloud.

"Well, you've got us," the girl said at last. "You've wiped us out—but you'll never get the Harvest Moon."

"Oh, my God! my God!" cried young Smith in a voice like sobbing. "Why didn't I know I was shooting at a woman?" He passed over her words about the Harvest Moon. They were meaningless to him.

"Didn't you?" asked the girl without seeming to care very much. "Hawkins must have known. Oh, yes! Of course he knew." Her eyes sharpened suddenly and she said:

"Where is Hawkins? Is he dead? Ah, if he's only done for! I could bear it then." Young Smith shook his head, frowning.

"I don't know any Hawkins," said he, and then remembered that weak, hoarse voice calling down the slope. "Oh! you mean Feydeau. He's not dead. He's badly hurt, though."

"He's calling himself 'Feydeau' again, is he?" the girl said. "Well, that's as good a name as another. Hurt? Let's hope he'll die. If there's any God anywhere I should think he would.—D'you suppose you could get me some water? My head's very swimmy."

Young Smith laid her down with great care and turned away, but she called him back.

"Oh, about Hawkins! You look as if you had some

woman's life into the filth of such an existence as his had been. He felt no more pity nor respect for Mawson, only the fiercest hatred and, though he didn't realize it just then, jealousy. But when he turned his gaze once more downward, the girl, lying dark and lax at his knees, had opened her eyes and was looking up at him. She asked:

"What are you scowling at?" and young Smith said:

"At Mawson."

She asked him again as if she hadn't heard:

"At what?" And he repeated it a bit sullenly:

"I was scowling at Mawson. If it hadn't been for him I'd never have come near killing you. I was I fired that last shot that laid you out. You might as well know it."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I knew that. But what do you mean by Mawson? What Mawson?"

The American had a sudden vertiginous premonition of frightful unknown things, and went as white as paper and began to tremble. He said, stammering:

"Why—why—Mawson—Mawson—the dead man yonder—the fellow we've been chasing half across the South Seas—Mawson the convict." He caught her suddenly by the arms, and his white face was apoplectic.

"Do you mean to tell me that's not Mawson, dead there?"

The girl shook her head, staring up at him, a little frightened as if she thought him mad. And he very nearly was. He shouted:

"Then where is Mawson? Where? Where? Where?"

"How should I know?" she asked him. "I've never seen the man. Of course, I've heard of him. Everybody has. But I never saw him in my life."

SHE seems to have seen the truth, or part of it, all in a flash just then, for she struggled to her knees, catching at Smith's hand, and then to her feet. The two stood close, looking into each other's faces. The girl said:

"Look here! Did you truly and honestly think you were running down an escaped convict with that Hawkins or Feydeau, or whatever he calls himself? Did you? Tell me!"

He couldn't even answer her. He was incapable of speech.

"Because," she cried, "if you did, you've been lied to and tricked, and made a fool and pretty nearly a murderer of. That's all."

Young Smith's face had turned white again, but it held a quite different expression, and he seemed to have no more trouble with his tongue. He said very softly:

"Just let me tell you my side of it—it won't take but a moment—then I want to know one or two more facts, and then I'll go down this hill and have a little chat with Mr. Feydeau." He told her briefly and swiftly how Feydeau, representing himself to be an agent of the New South Wales Secret Service and recently bereft of a lieutenant, had picked him up in Tahiti, offering him excellent pay to help in running down a notorious escaped convict.

"That's what I knew of the matter up to two minutes ago," said he. "Now, tell me who is Feydeau if he's not a policeman, and why should he hunt down and kill that dead man yonder?"

The girl said:

"Feydeau, or Hawkins, whichever his real name may be, is a

blackleg pretty well known over all the South Pacific. I wonder you never heard of him. You're new in this part of the world, aren't you? I thought so. Well, that's who Feydeau is, and he was running down my—the man—who is dead because he knew him to have the Harvest Moon."

Smith uttered a kind of groaning curse and turned his head away. But after a moment he said:

"Just one thing more! You're quite sure Feydeau knew that you were here?"

"He must have known it," the girl said. Smith looked at her and at the dead man and back again. The girl met his eyes and her face flushed suddenly, but she did not take her eyes from the American's, only held her head a little higher—a little more proudly. Young Smith sighed and said:

"Thank you! I'll go down now." He turned away to go, but found the trouble unnecessary. Feydeau had come to him, crawling, dragging himself up the slope by his clawed hands. His wounded leg trailed helpless after him. His face streamed with blood and sweat. He saw the American and cried with what voice he had:

"What are you so long about? Curse you! You've been searching him. Where is he? Show him to me!"

SMITH stood still, his hands twitching beside him. But the girl called out:

"No use, Hawkins! The Harvest Moon is hidden where you'll never find it." Feydeau gave a screaming cry. He hadn't seen her at all. He had thought her dead—whipped out his big Colt automatic pistol and fired as

(Concluded on page 30)



Round the dead man's neck, suspended by a cord, hung the Harvest Moon

heart. Perhaps you have. If Hawkins lives and there's any danger of my falling into his hands, will you promise to kill me or to give me something to kill myself with? If you'll just lend me your pistol or even a knife, I give you my word I won't try to harm anybody else with it—not even Hawkins."

Young Smith covered his face with his hands and felt very sick again, all over.

"Ah, don't! Don't!" he said when he was able to speak. "Can't you see you can trust me? If Feydeau lays a finger on you I'll tear him to pieces. Where's the water?"

SHE gave him a straight, brief look that seemed to betray surprise and a little interest, then lay back as if her strength were gone.

"In a bucket—yonder!" she told him, and Smith brought the water, knelt again over the girl and wet her head and face, sousing the red handkerchief in the bucket for the purpose. The flesh wound on her forehead waked under his ministrations and he bound the handkerchief about it once more. The girl lay still with her eyes closed, and when he had finished his work he knelt on where he was, watching her. He was still sick with the horror of what he had done—what Feydeau, who knew, had let him do, and what, but for the merest accident in the world, he might have completed.

Shooting at a woman! He looked beyond where the cause and object of all this slaughter lay stiffly on his broad back—done with the alarms of this world—and he scowled at the image of the man who had dragged a

In Medieval America

Four Hundred Years from Broadway

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

OUR little narrow-gauge railroad train was making one of its lingering social calls at a village so small that the rear of the train stood out in the jungle, the coach in which I had been seated having come to a stop upon a venerable, fungus-grown, concrete bridge. A stream ran beneath, while a small dam and the alluring sound of falling water were just above. Stepping from the embankment, I strolled out upon the dam to look at the pool, which was arched over by spreading branches and the vagrant arms of large-leaved creepers. The surface of the clear water was gently stirred by a series of circling wavelets. These wavelets proceeded from the swaying figure of a woman. She was standing thigh deep at one side of the pool. Her skin, which was perfectly bare except for a bit of skirt, filmy and water-soaked that molded every curve of her hips, was a soft, yellowish bronze in color. Mottling spots of sunshine, breaking through the leaves, danced caressingly over her gleaming back and shoulders, or capered about on the waves radiating from her body. A thick braid of dark, crinkly hair lay low upon her plump neck. Her arms were very round, tapering toward the hands and swelling bewitchingly into shoulders whose dimples laughed when the mottles of sunshine kissed them. The whole of the picture, pool and waterfall, tracery of leaves and witchery of human form, seemed so harmoniously natural there that I, having walked but twenty feet from the railroad train into this Edenic scene, was scarcely even surprised.

The woman, it appeared, was domestically engaged.

came to the port of Corinto, the terminus of the single railroad entering Nicaragua from the Pacific side, which, by the way, is the rich and populous side.

It is, indeed, a medieval country, this of Nicaragua! And yet it is beautiful! Yes, beautiful as the woman in the pool; only there is an ugly, slimy, iguanalike something crouching there in the trees that mars the beauty of the scene, a spirit of fanged rapacity that came in when the Spanish conqueror entered four hundred years ago, a sealy selfishness that has exploited the people for the benefit of one grasping adventurer after another. Some time since, while making some street excavations in Managua, the capital city, they came upon a bed of

precedents were considered; syllogisms were framed—and the decree entered.

"They are human beings," declared the Pope. "You must have a care for their souls."

That was three hundred years ago. Yes, they are human beings, but little concern has been shown for their souls, for from that day to this these amiable people have been heartlessly exploited, made the helpless victims of, to quote good Bishop Chiapas of that early day, "such crimes, such atrocities, and such massacres as no pen is eloquent to describe." This goes back to the days of Gil Gonzales, one hundred years before sturdy Dutchmen first began to build houses of logs on an island called Manhattan, and it comes down to the days of Zelaya, who for seventeen years sustained a Borgia-like career in Nicaragua, which only ended three years ago on Christmas Day when a guard of United States Marines escorted the tyrant to the borders of his own country and bowed him out of it forever.

The Man Who Captured an Army

WE HAD been hearing all about the country on the boat as we came down the coast from passengers who got on and off at intermediate Mexican and Central American ports. There was Noble, for instance, which, by the way, was not his name—an American engaged in the contracting business in the heart of Nicaragua, a smooth-faced, boyish-looking man nearing his forties—a man with a hearty laugh; a man who held a great hand at poker, they told me, and also—they whispered this—



Along a Nicaraguan river

Her face was turned from me and toward a large flat rock which lay upon the bank, waist high before her. The rock was heaped with garments. She seized one, soused it in the pool, flung it again upon the rock, soaped it, and beat it sharply with a paddle.

The Picture

WHILE I looked, another detail, and an ugly one, came crawling into the picture. It was an iguana or giant lizard, full five feet long, sprawling on a huge limb well above the woman, an ugly, slimy, scaly, noisome thing, its hideous head turned on one side and its eyes dully gleaming, peered down at the woman as if its reptilian soul was for the moment caught by the spell of her dusk beauty.

Perhaps the appearance of the iguana startled me into some hasty movement. Anyway the woman became aware of my presence. Had she started and betrayed confusion, had she dropped into the water as I have seen Nicaraguan washwomen do at other places, or snatched up a garment to throw about her, it would have brought something coarse and indelicate into the innocence of the scene.

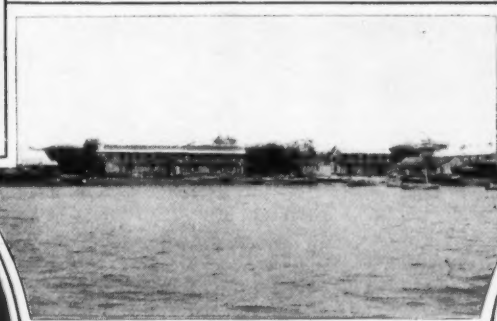
But she did none of these. With an unconsciousness that was heavenly she gazed up at me, her large brown eyes frankly curious and wondering. In the exchange of glances it was I who became confused. I, not she, was the incongruous thing on the landscape; I, who was afflicted with a sudden sense of awkward improprieties that made me retreat expeditiously to the car step of civilization.

Centuries and Thousands of Miles Distant

AND now I know that you of the Broadway environment, having but recently walked out of the Winter Garden where you saw Gaby Deslys flaunt with equal boldness her lingerie and her career which has kings in its discard, will let your eye wander refreshingly to my wood nymph in the water—or water nymph in the wood, whichever you will—gazing innocently up from her rippling pool, and agree with me that my subtitle is accurate and that the land in which she lives is at least four hundred years from Broadway. I may tell you also that it is about three thousand miles—and seven thousand if you should go the roundabout way I did and enter the country by the back door. To do this you would travel continentwise to San Francisco, and there embark on a lazy steamer that puts in behind every headland from Mazatlán to Panama, and voyage southeastward till you



On the beach of Lake Nicaragua



Shore of the Pacific, near Corinto



Market scene at Managua

lava stamped deeply with the prints of bare, human feet. The toes were all turned toward the lake. Imagine plunging barefoot across hissing, molten lava! That was inanimate nature at her worst in Nicaragua, and it was bad; but when, shortly after the discovery of America, the European came there was a fire in his veins more deadly and hotter burning than the lava. He plunged the fangs of his lust into the soft necks of these indolent, docile, peace-loving Carib races.

An old monk, with a fine sense of most unmonkish values, had called the land "Mahomet's Paradise," but heartless cruelty was fast making it an empty paradise. Whole tribes were enslaved, debauched, and destroyed. The souls of the murdered, the groans of the enchained, the shrieks of women violated, haunted every tangle of vines in the jungle. The missionaries cried out against this rapacity.

"They are only animals," retorted the conquering adventurers.

Solemnly the Pope in Rome considered the charges of his missionaries. Solemnly, too, he heard the defense of the exploiters of these new races: "They are only animals." The evidence was sifted; the books were opened;



Plaza of Leon



Zelaya, deposed President

took the working force of his own mines into town and protected it from the looting instincts of a band of revolutionists; nothing about how, when the Mayor de Plaza, a sort of chief of police, of a small town got a grudge against him over the matter of a native woman who had moved rather unceremoniously from a house furnished by the Mayor to one furnished by the American, the petty official sent a file of soldiers to arrest him as he rode out of town on his mule one day; of how he turned, drew his own automatic, looked the men in the eye, cowed them as they faced him with their loaded rifles at their shoulders, captured them and marched the whole company back up the street, called the Mayor de Plaza out on to the veranda of the municipal building and ordered him to take his blamed army in or it would get hurt, whereafter he jogged sedately back to his mines, and was only somewhat shocked and laughed a bit nervously when he found that the pistol with which he had cowed and captured the army was empty.

An Ominous Interest

THEN there were others: the civil engineer representing an English corporation going to build a railroad there some time, which in the meantime kept its salaried agent on the ground, doing nothing but—watching. There was, too, the representative of a great American manufacturer of firearms on board, a man at once self-assertive and secretive, whose chief business was catering to revolutionists. He was just now finding a rare market for Maxim silencers. There is something ominous and awe-compelling in the fact that some presidents of some republics are interested, deeply interested, in equipping their rifles with this fiendish thing that ought to be prohibited by international law. When the report of a rifle can be transfused into the swish of a jet of gas, the fine art of killing men with guns takes its place, in my mind,

with the stiletto, the garrote, and—yes, and the electric chair. It is savage and inhuman, the tool of murderers and assassins! But the business in silencers was very good in Central America, the man said.

With appetites whetted for a closer look at this land of blood and romance, we drifted gently to anchor on a sea of glass that flashed with the brazen beauty of a setting sun. Behind us small islets, mountain-peaked and green-covered, dotted the blue of the sea and the scarlet and gold of the sunset sky. Before us, the coast appeared to lie lower than the sea, its steaming tropical growth, swelling here and there into a tree of royal proportions or stabbed by the naked trunk of a tuft-crowned coconut palm, its clusters of green fruit gleaming like huge, burnished Malaga grapes, in the last flashing rays of the sun; while just beyond us lay a range of extinct volcanoes, and beyond them, towering high, the cloud-crowned summit of historic Momotombo, rolling out his great volumes of steam-white smoke, in ever-bulging masses that tumbled down the slopes in huge, vapory avalanches.

Because the train on which I intended to make the trip from Corinto to Managua was scheduled to depart before daylight, I went ashore that night to the hotel where I must buy domestic currency. The rate of exchange varies from day to day, but that day it was fifteen to one. Do you comprehend? I did not, fully, until, having laid one of Uncle Sam's modest ten-dollar bills on the counter, I had counted out to me one hundred and forty dollars of the currency of that realm. You see, the hotel keeper made ten dollars off me in the transaction—ten Nicaraguan dollars—which is, say, oh! seventy cents, isn't it? Something like that, anyway. But, really, I did not seem to care. The coarse, cheaply engraved paper, much of it in denominations as low as *cinquientos centavos*—fifty cents—made a surprisingly large heap on the counter. It certainly looked as though I had enough, and besides, I was busy emptying the shirts out of my

when wanted, but right under your bridle grip, where in one motion and without moving your hand six inches, you can draw and shoot. Rough riders of Arizona, the rough riders of Nicaragua, send greetings and an idea!

Just back of this horseman was a peon practicing cuts with a *cutacha*. A *cutacha* is like a *machete*, only the blade is straight. A peon and his *cutacha* are inseparable. You will see the peon most anywhere in the woods without his shirt, but you will not see him without his *cutacha*.

The Characteristics of the Two Races

BY THE BY, it must not be inferred from the wood nymph in the pool that the women of Nicaragua habitually go about ungarbed. Quite the contrary. I frequently saw boys of all ages up to fourteen or fifteen, standing by the car, stark naked and unabashed; but never once a female child so small its body was not covered by a slip of some kind, no matter how filthy, while the women who came crowding to the trains were overdressed rather than the reverse.

The two races, with characteristics clearly marked, are always in evidence. The Spanish are inevitably better

"Seattle."

"How long ago?"

"Four years."

"How long will you stay?"

The man smiled and showed me clean, almost famine white, teeth.

"As long as God wants me," he replied quietly, with a kind of subdued ecstasy in the thrill of his words.

I thought of offering him some of that bale of money in my suit case; but somehow, the man, standing there with his quiet, intense look, voluntarily living alone and selling his tracts among these people, the man whom God supported, seemed so much richer than I that I could not offer him depreciated currency.

Hackmen fell upon me as I stepped from the train at Managua.

Historic, battle-born Managua! For it was out of a bloody strife between the proud old cities of Granada and Leon, each of which aspired to become the center of national life, that the unimportant but centrally located agricultural city of Managua became the capital of the Nicaraguan Republic. After luncheon at the Hotel Laponi, served on the broad veranda with a park full of tropical plants just over the rail, I stepped out on Avenue Central, which is the Pennsylvania Avenue of this capital. On this insignificant, cobble-stoned thoroughfare, barely wide enough for a carriage to turn in, and but half a dozen blocks in length, had been staged the climactic scene of every stirring event in the history of sixty years, which were as full of the tragedy and pathos of the struggle for self-government as any like period in the history of any nation in the world. At one end of the Central Avenue was the plaza and the statue of Liberty. At the other end were the Campo Marti and Guardia de Honor, military citadels, by means of which Zelaya had throttled liberty. Opposite the plaza was the treasury which Zelaya had looted, and up the avenue stood the most pretentious building in Managua, the



Native village and ferry

suit case, so I could use it for a pocketbook.

It is very dark in the port of Corinto at half past five in the morning in the middle of October. A straggling line of gray shapes seemed to rise up from nowhere and form in front of it. I joined the line.

"Un boleto primero Managua!" I tried on the man at the window.

He threw down a card. "Quantus?" I experimented.

He said something incomprehensible, but I called him with a twenty-dollar bill from my suit case. He gave me back so much change that it reminded me of the experience of another American traveling in some South American country where the currency was rather seriously depreciated.

"How much?" he asked, when a porter had carried his trunk to the hotel.

"Three hundred dollars," answered the porter unemotionally.

Mentally the American was staggered. Outwardly he preserved his calm, preserved it and with an air of composure, passed over an American silver dollar. The porter took it, looked at it, pocketed it, and handed back—seven hundred dollars in change.

Our course lay for ten miles northward through the rich bottom lands, past impenetrable jungle, past immense sugar and banana plantations in the alluvial plains, and then turned eastward, climbing steadily through a yellow-soiled upland, more sparsely timbered, with here and there a few acres growing beans or some such crop, while an occasional planting of *blanca hule* or white rubber trees imported from India was noticed.

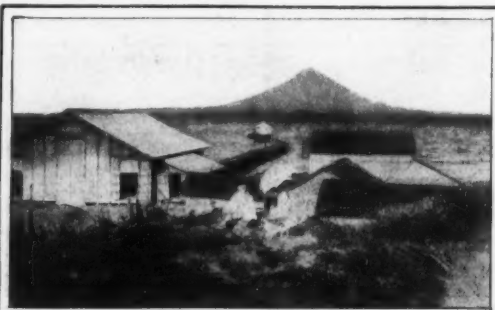
At every station soldiers appear, barefoot, scrawny boys, most of them, armed with venerable muzzle-loading cast-offs of our Civil War. I asked one of these boys what kind of a gun it was. "Remington!" he answered complaisantly.

A Lesson for Rough Riders

OF A HORSEMAN whose pony stuck its inquiring nose in at the car window, I inquired: "What are those things?" pointing to two inverted bottle-shaped leathers, one on either side the pommel of his saddle.

"Pistoles," he grinned, and accommodately pulled back the flaps so that I saw two curved, pearl handles gleaming.

What a sensible place to carry your pistols on horseback, if you are going to carry them at all—not in a holster that works around and is generally out of reach



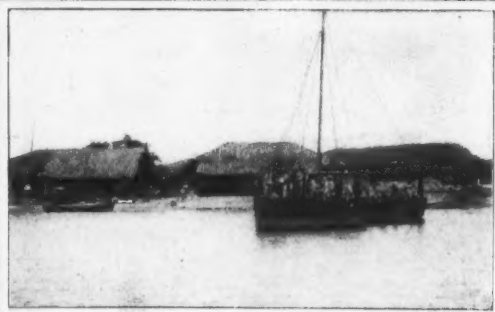
Historic Mount Momotombo in the distance



Campo Marti at Managua



The American Consulate at Corinto



A native coasting vessel on the Pacific side

dressed and show the hall marks of the ruling class. Physically the men are slight in figure, but there is occasionally seen the solid-looking Spanish merchant and an upstanding man of the don type. The women with the strain of Castilian blood when young are slender, with large eyes, red lips, and a general cast of features which may reflect hauteur, languor, or vivacity. With age they seem likely to take on an amplitudinous rotundity of person, with which appears to come a serenity interesting to contemplate. The peon class carries, of course, a mingling of Carib and Aztec bloods, with a modicum of Spanish. The men have high cheek bones, and are not specially attractive in appearance, the faces many times carrying an expression that is a mixture of Indian sullenness and stupidity. Some of them are tall, but they do not appear to lay on much flesh. The native women, on the other hand, are more prepossessing, having bright eyes and open, handsome faces, on which the sun of amiability frequently shines.

The Man Whom God Supported

AT THE city of Leon a man came aboard the train selling Bibles and Gospels translated into the Spanish language. He was black-bearded, clear-eyed, and underlined, with the light of spiritual fervor burning in his eye. He proffered one of his books to me. I declined.

"Are you a Christian?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Real or nominal?" he countered, with a searching gleam in his eye. I paused to reflect. He offered a Testament across the aisle, and turned to me again.

"To what denomination do you belong?" I asked.

"To none," he answered, and the light of an unearthly enthusiasm came into his eyes—"I belong to God."

"I know," I said, "but who supports you here?"

"God!" he answered, and his voice had a cenobitic hollowness.

"Where did you come from?"



Railroad building

First House, or presidential residence, which he had built with part of the loot. Back of me a few blocks was the prison where Zelaya had perpetrated a large segment of the circle of bloodthirsty cruelties which had earned for him the sobriquet of "The Tiger of Nicaragua." I had heard the story of those tortures, too, as I came down on the boat.

It seemed to have been in some country so far away from the place and day of our own civilization

that it was like a narrative from another world. Yet here I was within ten minutes' walk of those horror-hiding walls, and needed but to count back in time twenty-one months and I could hear the groans. The stories floated again into my mind—of the cell too small for a man to stand erect or lie in at full length, into which the prisoner might be thrust for a few days or a few months, or perhaps till merciful death relieved the cramped soul from his distorted body—of that other cell with two feet of fine salt in the bottom, into which a delicately nurtured man, stripped of every rag of his clothing, was thrust to await the tyrant's pleasure—of that acme of devilish cruelty, specially approved of by Zelaya for those who took up arms against him—the rifle-bucking torture. In the infliction of this, the hands were tied in front of the body, the feet also were bound, and the unfortunate was bucked down—that is, compelled to stoop until the knees were inside the elbows, after which rifles were thrust between the hollows of the knees and the hollows of the elbows, one after another, forcing them in, another and another, until the flesh was bruised and the sinews and joints strained. There the victim was left, the nerves bursting with an agony which in time swelling muscles and joints would multiply by increasing the tension, until the poor wretch swooned or, what would have seemed to have been a rarer chance, the tormentors relented.

Zelaya—Torturer and Fiend

FOR the commoner offenders two hundred *palos* on the back was carelessly ordered. A *palo* is described as a hickory rod about an inch thick. I saw a man who claimed to have endured three hundred. He was a hopeless cripple.

But Zelaya reached the limits of diabolical ingenuity in the infliction of mental torture. When he wished to grind the bare heart of a man between flints, this tyrannical libertine would hoarsely command:

"Send your daughter to me!"

(Continued on page 29)

The Cooperative Cost of Living

It Can Be Made as Low as It Is Wanted if Cooperation Is Properly Used

By J. M. OSKISON

MRS. BLEECKER BANGS of Brooklyn, New York, began to consider the cost of living. Bills for the food used in her home were getting bigger—so big as to distract her mind from the history of New Utrecht, which she is writing. She is a good historian, but, first of all, an efficient housekeeper. So she inquired into the reasons and sought a remedy—a logical course.

Last summer Mrs. Bangs became interested in the prices her farmer neighbors in Orange County were getting for their produce. Just before she closed her summer cottage she was visiting a man who had shipped three barrels of nuts to New York. Good nuts they were, but the net return to the farmer from the three barrels was only 65 cents! Returns from other produce sent off in this way varied, but the average was discouraging to the grower.

And so far as Mrs. Bangs could see, no one was very much at fault. The railroad charge was legal, the commission men rendered an accurate report of the sale, and it appeared that what the farmers raised really wasn't worth more in the great competitive markets of New York.

The Division of the User's Dollar

IT WAS plain that the fight to lower the cost of production—the cost of raising food, the cost of producing clothes, and the cost of housing—has not stopped. Due to the fiercest natural competition, and to Government control of rates, when competition is not real, the cost of transportation, also, is going down. But in this country living cost is constantly rising. Waste, extravagance, the creeping sickness of luxury, have turned our system of distribution into a grim joke. That "long line of commission men, produce merchants, jobbers, hucksters, retailers, and what not, simply passing goods from hand to hand like a bucket brigade at a fire," is wasteful, costly, and stupid. To Mrs. Bangs these facts were readily made plain. Again no one seemed especially to blame—it is the inevitable result of the system which has grown up. It is the price we pay for using the initiative and energy of our people in the business of producing and moving, and leaving to the uninterested the details of economic distribution and use. Only when incompetence and extravagance press back so hard as to distract us from our digging and spinning and forging do we see how stupidly this other work is handled. From a labor leader Mrs. Bangs heard this illustration:

On a \$3.50 pair of shoes the manufacturer's profit is 8 cents, the total paid to the workmen who fabricate the pair is 60 cents; but to the retailer, who merely hands the shoes down from the shelf and laces them on the buyer's feet, goes \$1.25.

A railroad president gave another illustration: "On a recent walk in New York City I counted twenty retail shops, where groceries, vegetables, and meat were sold, in one block; . . . in all of our cities there are at least ten times as many middlemen or retail dealers as there should be. I live in an apartment house which has forty apartments, and from observation I should judge that at least twenty different grocers and butchers, each maintaining delivery wagons with drivers, deliver goods at this one apartment building—not once, but several times a day."

Here was the evil revealed. What about the remedy? About 45 cents of the dollar paid out for living costs by Mrs. Bangs and her city neighbors goes to the producer. To the "bucket brigade" as toll goes the 55 cents.

Neglected, the remedy lies, literally, at our door. Cooperation—intelligent cooperation—among consumers will do what cooperation among producers has long been doing for the farmers. It will cut out the useless and by far the costliest links in the distributing chain. It will do this when energy and sound sense are brought to bear on the problem.

Mrs. Bangs acted—in that she showed originality. She went directly to the wholesale markets to find out what apples and cauliflower and lettuce and potatoes were worth. When she came back she made this comparative list, getting the retail figures on the same day from a neighborhood grocer:

	Wholesale Market Price	Retail Grocer's Price
Apples (barrel)	\$2.00	\$6.40 (quart)
Potatoes (barrel)	3.00	8.00 "
Lettuce (crate)50	1.20 (head)
Beets (doz. bunches)25	.50
Eggs (per doz.)29	.45
Butter (renovated)29	.35
Butter (best)39	.45

These were articles used by Brooklyn housewives daily and in quantity. Why shouldn't



Mayor Shank of Indianapolis

He undertook last fall to break up a "retailers' trust" in the city markets by selling food products as varied as apples and turkeys

These Things Are Possible for the Average Housewife

To become a member of a cooperative marketing club
To buy in large quantities such necessities as will not spoil with keeping
To know through quotations in the daily papers the prevailing wholesale prices
To check, with scales and measures of her own, the weights and quantities of food purchased
To get from the Department of Agriculture at Washington bulletins on the preparation of the cheaper cuts of meat and on the comparative nutritive value of common food products
To insist upon the Government's guarantee of quality, under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, of package foods; and, wherever possible, the manufacturer's guarantee of food weight in the package
To help to restore the city market to its old usefulness as a place of meeting between producer and consumer



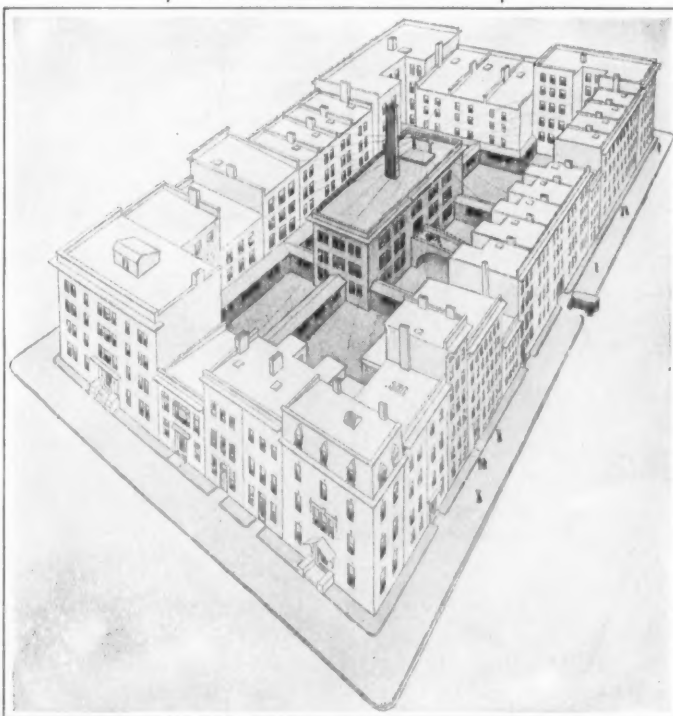
Louis D. Brandeis

Organizer of the cooperative store plan for the New Haven's employees



Mrs. Bleecker Bangs

Founder of a cooperative marketing club in Brooklyn, New York



A Central Cooperative Station in a City Block

Suggested by a New York architect, this plan could be used for any closely built group of private residences or apartment houses. Heating plant, kitchen, and laundry occupy the central building, and covered service corridors lead off from it to the basement entrances of the surrounding houses

they be bought at the lower cost? Mrs. Bangs showed her lists to five of her neighbors.

"Can you really buy at those prices?" they asked.

"At the Wallabout Market, yes. There I got the prices. But, of course, I must take more of many things than I can use up."

"But we could club in with you, couldn't we?" It was the suggestion that Mrs. Bangs wanted. From it developed a neighborhood market club—six women who turn over to Mrs. Bangs a sum of money every week and who come to Mrs. Bangs's house to take away their portions of the produce bought. I talked with Mrs. Bangs a few days before Thanksgiving, and she had some fresh illustrations of what she had saved. One was grapes—the big, white grapes that you see, protected from bruising and freezing by sawdust—packed in kegs. At the corner grocer's the price was 18 cents a pound; by taking a keg—50 to 60 pounds—at Wallabout Market, these housekeepers got them for 8 cents a pound.

A Market Club Buyer's Experiences

MRS. BANGS'S name and an account of her market club got into the New York newspapers. Then—the deluge!

"Almost night and day my telephone rings, people come to see me, and the letters I get you wouldn't believe. Reporters come, and photographers come for my picture. I cannot understand what they expect me to tell them. There is nothing difficult about what I do, and yet everyone seems to think there is some secret in it."

"Tell me," I interrupted, "if any of the women in your club would take up the idea if you had to drop it—would they do the marketing?"

"No, I don't believe they would. Perhaps it is just that these women who write and come to see me want me to give them courage to take the first step. Of course, the grocers and the fruit men don't like us to get

together—they have tried to make the wholesalers in the Wallabout Market stop selling to me. Some of the wholesalers won't, some of them don't want me to say that they sell to me, some won't send their delivery wagons to my house, but will stop around the corner and lug the packages in by hand. Most of them don't make any objection; they say, quite right: 'We have the stuff for sale and it makes no difference to us who it is that buys.' So there is a little trouble, but do we want to go on paying two prices for food only to keep the grocer on our street pleased?"

What of the grocer who might suffer from such cooperative market clubs? Will this member of the bucket brigade, crowded out of the line, lie down and die or become a public charge? Hardly. Mrs. Bangs says that in Brooklyn and other big cities the local grocer will become a delicatessen-grocer. "There

will," she says, "always be plenty of housewives who will not assume the responsibilities involved in such a club as ours. For them this sort of middleman must always exist."

"I do not feel sorry for the grocer—the old type is being crowded out, in Brooklyn at any rate, and the new ones are too grasping. We find ourselves paying prices for first-grade food and getting cheaper, second-grade quality."

A First Lesson in Cooperative Marketing

MRS. BANGS comes from old Dutch stock—there lingers in her speech the foreign tang. She is small and well-poised—music and history interest her. Also, she is fond of the earth and its products.

"I love the markets," she says; "those few early morning hours I spend there refresh me as the country itself does—I feel myself back with the farmers. Those men in the big markets are bigger and more human than the grocers. Let me tell you about a friend of mine—a woman who used to teach school. She got up a market club, and insisted that I go with her the first day. Well, we went, and everywhere I took her among the stores, I said to the dealers, 'This is Mrs. Brown—she wants to buy for ten families,' and she bought—quickly and enthusiastically. So quickly did she go that she had spent all of her money before she thought of butter and eggs. And then she had to go and ask for her money back from the men who sold nuts and such things. One of these men, after he had returned Mrs. Brown's money, sat back and laughed—'Oh, woman, lovely woman—and she wants to run the State!'"

"Anyway, the women—and the husbands, too—are much interested. I had to have printed a form of reply to the letters that come in to me—so many they are. From the University of Pittsburgh a letter comes signed by one of the professors who is making an economic survey of

(Continued on page 27)

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE sixth week of the first regular session of Congress dominated by the Democrats has come and passed without any definite action looking toward the reduction of the tariff. Two of the most conspicuous acts that have occurred in the Lower House, the passing of the Pension Bill and the threat to pass a public-building pork bill, have impaired the prestige of the Democrats, but by no means irreparably. What the country expects of the Democrats, the thing for which the country is prepared abundantly to reward the Democrats, is tariff revision downward.

The Proof of Monopoly

FOR the period of ten years from 1900-1910 the high and low prices for various commodities were these:

	High	Low		High	Low
CORN	\$.60	\$.35	COFFEE	\$.10	\$.06
WHEAT99	.61	TEA17	.12
BARLEY66	.40	COPPER26	.11
SUGAR05	.04	Steel rails \$28. \$28.		

High, low, and all the time, the price of steel rails was \$28 per ton (\$28 per ton in the United States; abroad, where competition exists, it ran as low as \$22). Forget all those volumes of testimony taken by the Stanley Committee, forget Mr. Wickersham's suit; look only at these figures and determine whether or not the price of steel rails during the past ten years has been determined by a single mind.

An Important Straw Vote

MEN with any large amount of political experience do not pay much attention to straw votes except such as are taken under circumstances which give unusual value to the results. Mr. J. J. Elkin of Omaha sends to COLLIER's the result of one taken among 164 Nebraska farmers. The figures were:

Republican		Democratic	
ROOSEVELT	59	BRYAN	23
LA FOLLETTE	27	WILSON	18
TAFT	12	FOLK	10
		CLARK	9
		HARMON	6

The occasion was a joint meeting of the Nebraska Farmers' Cooperative Live Stock and Grain Shipping Association, the Nebraska State Farmers' Congress, and the Rural Life Commission. From these titles the character of the men who voted and the section of the nation's population which they represent can be guessed. There can be no doubt that among this very large and stable portion of the voting strength of both parties, the two men who have the largest following are the two who are not candidates for the nomination.

Is This True?

IN ANSWER to a letter inquiring about his personal position on Presidential primaries, Mr. George E. Pexton, Republican National Committeeman of Wyoming, wrote these words:

Nearly ninety per cent of the voters of this State are in favor of the renomination of Mr. Taft.

If this is true, how account for it? Wyoming adjoins South Dakota and Nebraska, and these are overwhelmingly Insurgent States. What difference is there in the character of the people of the two States? Is Mr. Pexton wrong or is there something fundamentally different in the political point of view of a Wyoming man and his neighbor across the Nebraska State line?

Has Your Congressman Made This Plea?

THE editor of the Wyoming "Tribune," who holds a Federal job, fulfills his obligation to the political machine which got it for him by printing in black type on his editorial page these words:

Put new, untried, inexperienced men in Congress from Wyoming and the State will not only lose its military posts, but years would pass before another public building is erected.

The same sentiment will be expressed between now and November in almost 391 Congressional districts. Candidates will say: "Send me back because I got a new post-office building for the county seat," or "Send me back because I got an appropriation to dredge the local river." Stephen M. Sparkman of Florida, chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, is basing his candidacy on the amount of money he has got from the national treasury to be spent in his district, and even more frankly on the fact that in his new position as chairman he can get more money than formerly. Congressman Rans-

dell of Louisiana based his campaign for the United States Senate on the fact that he had succeeded in doubling the appropriations made by the national treasury toward the deepening of the lower Mississippi. The one thing for the voter to remember in every case of this kind is that in politics, as in most other things, you don't get something for nothing. If the Congressman from Wyoming succeeds in getting a public building for his district, he pays for it by voting for a high tariff on iron and steel and lumber and all the other items of the tariff bill which make a tax on the people of Wyoming and the rest of the country alike.

Will Pennsylvania Take Advantage of This?

MR. SPRINGER CLAYBAUGH of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has called COLLIER's attention to a section of the Primary Law of Pennsylvania which makes this provision:

Each candidate for delegate to the National Convention shall have the right, by filing a request with the county commissioners, to have printed at the right of his name upon the official ballot, in the space provided for that purpose, the name of the candidate whom he will support in the convention.

That is to say, every candidate for delegate to the Republican National Convention can run as a formal Taft delegate or as a La Follette delegate; the same is true as to the various Democratic candidates. This makes it clear that Pennsylvania has all the Presidential primary law it needs to express its choice among the various candidates for the Presidency. (Oddly enough, this law in the most standpoint of States was passed in 1906, long before the Oregon Presidential Primary Law.) It is to be hoped there is sufficient political virility among the voters of both parties in Pennsylvania to see that in no district shall the election for national delegate go by default. Those who would like Wilson to have the Democratic nomination have in this law the complete machinery for making their wishes effective. So have the Harmon people.

New Name for Standpat Republicans

SENATOR LORIMER and his followers, with the purpose of bringing about a rehabilitation of the Senator's political fortunes, are organizing throughout rural Illinois what they call the "Lincoln League." Somebody among the organizers has no little genius. The a'literative juxtaposition of Lincoln and Lorimer has value. Probably the genius did not foresee the possibilities of a third word—"Lincoln, Lorimer, and Lumber." The circulars, which are being sent out to rural post offices, contain this phrase: "An organization of Republicans—of one hundred per cent Republicans." They are going to hold a convention in Springfield on the 12th of February, and will oppose those things which that standpat Democrat, Bailey of Texas, called "infamous heresies"—that is to say, the initiative, referendum, and recall. The literature which they are sending to farmers contains many laudatory extracts from the Chicago "Inter-Ocean." The "Inter-Ocean" editor's financial relations with Lumberman Hines, who "put Lorimer across," are an unwilling but entertaining part of the revelations of the present Lorimer investigation.

Organized Noise

THE agitation in favor of a pension bill is organized. It consists of Grand Army posts throughout the country. A Missouri Congressman received this letter:

JOHN ROLLINS POST, No. 247, G. A. R.

WEST PLAINS, MO., December 2, 1911.

HON. J. J. RUSSELL, M. C., Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR—At a stated meeting of this Post the Sherwood Pension Bill was unanimously indorsed . . . and we hope and expect you to put yourself on record as a friend of this bill.

Yours very respectfully,

N. H. HAMLEN, Adjutant.

The opposition to the Pension Bill, although larger, is unorganized. It is more virile because it is founded on principle. If it could find some method of organized expression, fewer Congressmen would feel compelled to vote against their convictions at the peril of their political lives.

The Real Reason for the Pension Bill

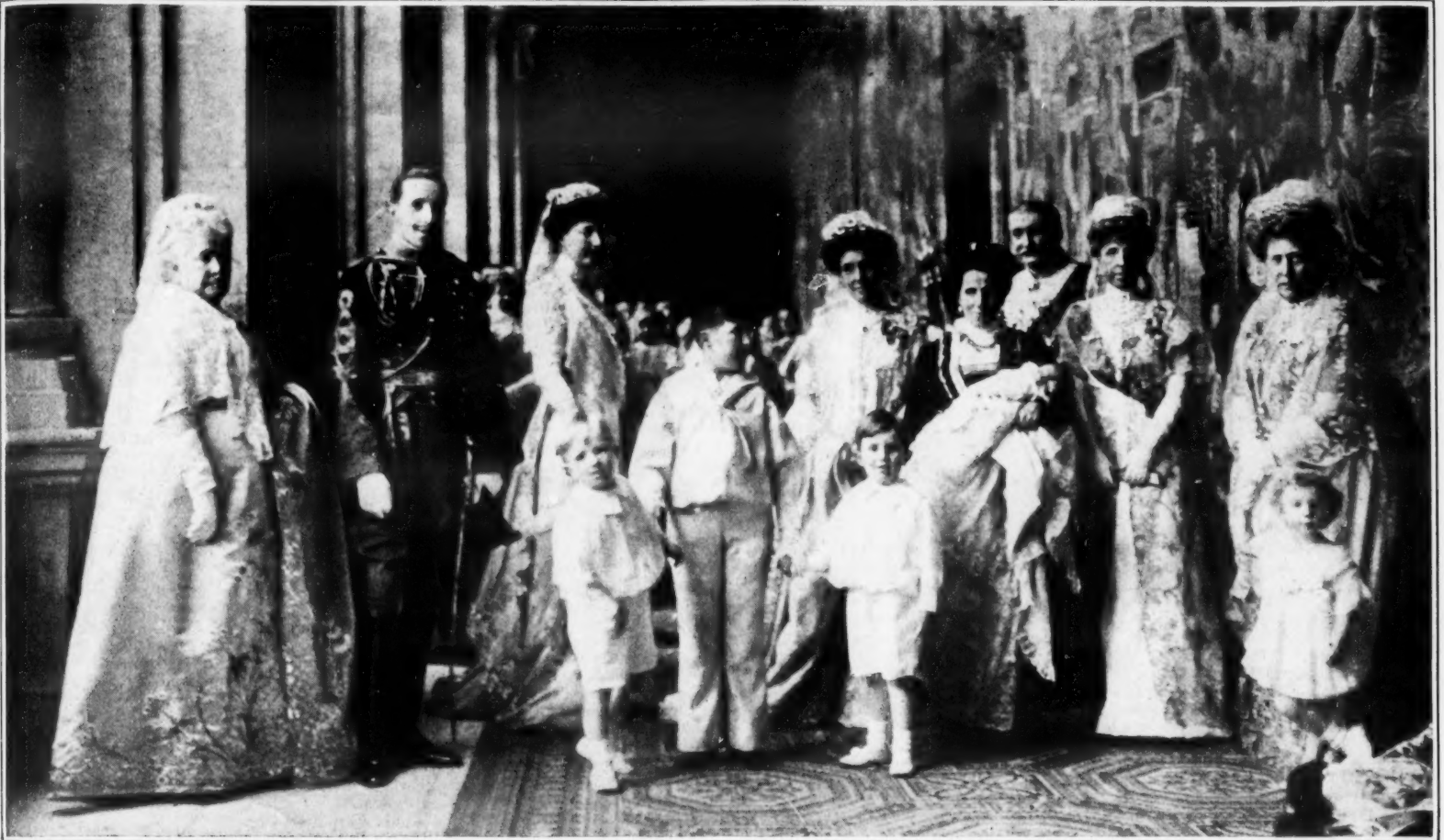
FROM a speech in Congress by the Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, author of the pending Pension Bill:

I have in my district almost 5,000 old soldiers.

The Cost of Pensions

EVERY family in the United States pays about eight dollars a year toward our pension expenditures.

Baptism of a New Princess of Spain, Maria Christina, Second Daughter of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria



Spain has another princess. She has been christened with the formidable name Maria-Christina-Theresa-Alexandra-Concepcion-Guadalupe-Victoria, but she will be known as Maria Christina. The ceremony of christening was held in the palace in Madrid, and was witnessed by the royal families and members of the diplomatic corps. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria now have two sons and two daughters. The young English queen cares more for the company of her children than for court gayeties.

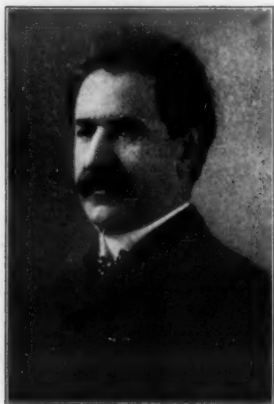
Andrew Carnegie Testifying Before the Congressional Committee Which Is Investigating the Steel Corporation



Mr. Carnegie, who appeared before Congressman Stanley's committee on Wednesday, January 10, told with apparent relish the story of how he got the better of John D. Rockefeller in the acquisition of Mr. Rockefeller's holdings in the Lake Superior ore deal. The committee found great difficulty in securing information from Mr. Carnegie as to the real value of the Carnegie companies when the Morgan syndicate paid \$420,000,000 for them in 1901. He also failed to remember whether the Dingley tariff helped his business.

Finance—the Division of Wealth

But If You Want to Hear the Arrogant Sins of Capital Properly Named, Go Stand by a Ticker in Wall Street When the Players Are Losing Money



Samuel Untermyer
Who may be hired to investigate the "Money Power"

WHEN Mr. Samuel Untermyer volunteered, more for fame than fees, to hire out with the Democrats in Congress and undo the Money Power, Wall Street wrinkled one side of its face, took thought and said assentingly: "He is the man to identify the goods." Not long ago, without thought, Wall Street would have regarded the spectacle of Untermyer vs. the Money Power in a very different way. It would have aspersed his motives. Only ten years ago it would have denied the existence of a Money Power outside the imagination of politicians and would have repudiated Mr. Untermyer.

There is more rashness of thought and expression in Wall Street to-day than was ever the case before; the family is no longer able to present a united front to outside criticism. That may be owing to the fact that some of the family have hogged the profits. It is at any rate true that the Money Power nowadays is denounced with more feeling in Wall Street than outside. And yet, if you ask a man in Wall Street to define the Money Power he will begin by saying that it isn't at all as people imagine. He has the craftsman's contempt for the outsider's pretense of bench knowledge, and is disinclined for that reason to allow the accuracy of such terms as Money Power or Money Trust. No two men have the same contact with the condition itself. One touches it as a speculator, another as a broker, another as a banker, and another as a vendor of investment securities. All are at a disadvantage with a thing which they will call neither a Money Power nor a Money Trust, and which they will define, if at all, as a concentration of power in a few hands. That is vague enough.

One who should go to Wall Street to find out for himself what the Money Power was like would come away with the feeling that, though he had not satisfied his curiosity, he had encountered in the world of modern finance Peer Gynt's Boyg—a vague, shapeless, intangible, inaccessible thing—slippery, big, cold, and everywhere. There is no getting through and no going around. It has neither voice nor heart; it is greedy and intelligent. It is hostile, unforgiving, and remorseless.

A Canny Point of View

TO ONE of the most efficient independent speculators in Wall Street I put the question: "How does it affect you?"

"It doesn't affect me at all," he said. "Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Well, in the first place, I never borrow any money from them, and, in the second place, I'm never as deeply committed in the stock market as they think I am. That is to say, I don't trade as heavily as they believe I do. They have tried many times to get me. They think they have me in a corner, and I'm not there. One of them once said to a friend who told me: 'Just when we think we've got him he's loose again.' The man who said that holds it against me that I upset him once in a stock market campaign. Then they have tried to get me in with them on various things, and to take up sides with them, but I'm too cagy for any of that. I like to sit up here on my own crag and fly down when I please."

"Whom do you mean by they?"

"Why, the men I thought you were talking about—the men who are thought to have a Money Trust down here. They haven't any such thing, but they have a tremendous lot of power. They control the principal sources of credit. That's how they so easily find out what other men are doing in the stock market. If you buy 10,000 or 20,000 shares of stock they can find out all about it if they want to know."

Every big speculator will know that this one speaks truth. Little speculators, who deal in hundred-share lots of stock, never come into personal contact with the Boyg; they go with the impersonal average. The big speculator who escapes it must be specially gifted, and he will be marked for further attention.

A Little Killing and a Broker's Point of View

IN THE bull year 1909 on the Stock Exchange Wall Street began to hear of a Pearson-Farquhar Syndicate. F. S. Pearson and Percival Farquhar were the leaders of it. They had been very successful in South American speculations, especially with railways and tramways in Brazil, and enjoyed the support and confidence of a large British constituency of investors and speculators. Their ambition and imagination were boundless. They conceived intercontinental notions. First, they were going to control a chain of American

The Wall Street Boys

By GARET GARRETT

railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then connect North America with South America by rail. They came to Wall Street and were doubtless delighted at their reception. Various gentlemen controlling railroads that would easily hook up in a chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific enthusiastically fell in with their ideas. Most accommodating of them all were Messrs. Moore and Reid and their First National Bank friends, controlling the Lehigh Valley and the Rock Island. Messrs. Pearson and Farquhar were entertained at clubs and taken out in special cars to see the railroads with which they might work out their scheme. The railroads that suited them best were the Lehigh Valley, the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, and the Rock Island. The Pearson-Farquhar Syndicate began to buy those stocks heavily, and at high prices. They had not capital enough to buy them outright, of course; they or their brokers borrowed heavily at the banks to make the purchases, putting up 20 or 30 per cent of their own capital and borrowing the rest, as is the custom. What they did not know was that the gentlemen who were secretly selling them the stocks were also lending them the money. For instance, through brokers, the syndicate would buy Lehigh Valley; the brokers, to carry the stock, would borrow money on it, say, at the Bankers' Trust Company. Mr. Daniel G. Reid, who was selling the Lehigh Valley stock to the syndicate through the market up to 200, was a director of the Bankers' Trust Company. It may, indeed, have been his own money and not the institution's which the Bankers' Trust Company loaned to brokers who bought and carried Lehigh Valley for the Pearson-Farquhar Syndicate. And so it was with Rock Island and Wabash and Missouri Pacific, until the syndicate was loaded up and could buy no more.

Shaking Out the Profits

THEN prices began to fall. The banks and the individuals who through the banks had been lending the money refused to renew the loans. Messrs. Pearson and Farquhar were to be stood upon their crowns and shaken out of everything they had bought. Lehigh Valley, which on their buying had advanced above 200, declined 100 points, and the other stocks proportionately. When at last they threw up their hands, a syndicate of bankers was formed to take the stocks off their hands at deflated prices. No sooner had the syndicate of Wall Street bankers taken the stocks off the hands of the Pearson-Farquhar Syndicate than prices started up again, and advanced for nearly a year. Many millions of good alien money had been counted into Wall Street's pile. The Boyg was so much the richer and more powerful.

However, speculators must take care of themselves.

To one of the old-line Wall Street brokers I put the question: "Why is it that men down here now talk of a Money Power, or whatever it is, as only politicians like Bryan talked a few years ago?"

"It's because a few men have not known where in reason to stop," he said. "They want to control everything—banking, brokerage, speculation, and underwriting, and they pretty nearly do. You'd be amazed to know how much of the business of brokerage a few banks have appropriated to themselves. William H. Moore, whom you may know about—the Diamond Match-Tin Plate-United States Steel-Rock Island man—he does a great deal in the stock market and used to be a source of large commissions to brokers. Now he has a desk in the First National Bank. His business is transacted through a national bank. Do you see?"

A Bond Vendor's Complaint

TO A LARGE, independent bond dealer I put the question: "What is it that Wall Street itself complains of in this matter?"

"It is that the functions of issue and distribution have become monopolized," he answered. "Not long ago I had some business over at Morgan's. While I waited for one of the partners to be at leisure I overheard the placing of a large bond issue. The man who did it called up in rotation several trust companies and other institutions under the domination of the Morgan crowd. To one he said: 'You have \$5,000,000 of such a bond issue at such a price.' To another he said: 'You have \$3,000,000,' and to another: 'You have \$2,000,000.' It wasn't optional. The bonds were simply allotted. I believe in one or two instances the institutions to whom they were allotted had never heard of the bond issue until that instant. Do you see what it means to control a number of large banking institutions? I know of a national bank whose representatives go through the country selling bonds on the private inducement that 'When we know of anything good, as we often do, we'll let you in on it.' That's a speculative inducement. How can an old-fashioned bond distributor compete with that? The big national banks in Wall Street now underwrite new securities and offer them to the public as if they were houses of issue. That is properly the function of a private bank. A national bank ought not to underwrite securities for an underwriter's commission, sell them for a broker's commission, and then lend money on them at banker's interest. For instance, sev-

eral large bond issues have recently been distributed among dealers in Wall Street on the assurance that if they did not sell out at once to the public, but had to carry the bonds for a while, they could get all the accommodation they wanted at certain banks."

A Promoter's Caution

TO A MEMBER of a firm with large capital whose business is to promote suburban trolley lines I said: "Now, your own capital, however large, is only a margin. You have to borrow a great deal of money. Suppose you saw an opportunity to build a very profitable electric railway in competition with a railroad that is owned by the same interests who control the great bulk of the lendable capital in Wall Street. Where should you borrow your money?"

"It isn't supposable," he answered. "In the first place, an electric line is no menace to a railroad line. One helps the other. In the second place, our experience is that any loan we make is treated strictly on its merits. We do borrow a great deal of money. We make a show-down to the institution to which we apply for a loan. It knows our record to begin with; it sends its own experts to examine our proposition. If it is a good loan they take it. We may pay a commission, over six per cent, and a bonus in stock besides, but that is business."

"But suppose you did think of building in competition with an existing property controlled, say, by the Morgan interests—could you borrow the money?"

"I don't know. I think we wouldn't try."

"Well, suppose your own capital were large enough and your reputation big enough to entitle you to borrow enough additional capital to build subways in New York City, and you knew the Morgan interests wanted to build them—could you borrow the capital?"

"Perhaps not. There's no way to make institutions lend capital."

"Would you dare to try?"

"No. Of course, everybody knows that for large amounts of credit you have to come to Wall Street. You may try Chicago, Philadelphia, or Boston, but you have to come to Wall Street. If the principal sources of credit are controlled by a few men, you are not going to be allowed to antagonize those men with any capital which they have the power to lend or withhold."

Recently there was open to all the capital and initiative of this country and of the whole world the opportunity to bid on new subways in New York City. When the bids were opened nobody was much surprised to find one from the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, J. P. Morgan & Company, bankers; another from the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, Morgan & Company, bankers, and none other except one from Mr. McAdoo which was withdrawn, and whose bankers, in any event, would have had to be assisted by J. P. Morgan & Company. That was no place for independent capital.

An Unexpected View

AT LAST I put the question to one of the clearest-headed private bankers in Wall Street: "What do you think of the proposed investigation of the so-called Money Trust?"

I expected him to be impatient, to be indignant, to be jeerful, or to be anything but for it. He said: "Though a lot of nonsense is being talked, the sooner the subject is fully investigated and understood the better for all of us. The concentration of power in the hands of a few men down here is wrong. It is vicious."

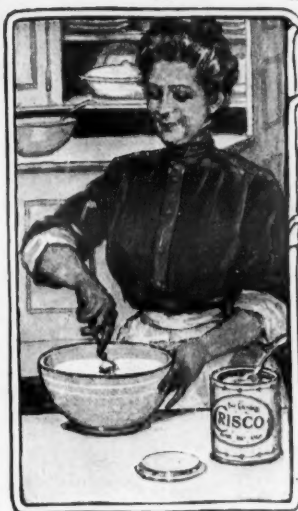
So far this article has written itself.

The reader who is neither a financial critic, a speculator, a broker, a vendor of bonds, a promoter or a private banker, will have been unable to visualize the Financial Boyg, or, as he more easily thinks of it, the Money Trust in Wall Street. To do so, he has only to imagine, if he can, a meeting of the directors of Mr. Morgan's United States Steel Corporation at 71 Broadway. At a full meeting of that board so many different things are represented that there is no man in all the country, or woman or child, who is not concerned in one or more.

There are represented:

1. Shareholders to the number of 150,000 in the great Steel Trust, which keeps \$75,000,000 cash on deposit in Wall Street, and is being sued by the Government.
2. Thirty-five directorships in New York banking institutions.
3. Control more or less of loans in New York banks and trust companies aggregating \$1,000,000,000.
4. The Equitable Life, which is a large holder and buyer of securities.
5. The Mutual Life, ditto.
6. The Westinghouse and General Electric Companies, which control the electrical apparatus business of the country.
7. The cement industry.
8. The American Can Company, in whose tins your preserved meats and fruits and your tobacco come. It buys tin plate from the United States Steel Corporation.
9. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which is the Bell trust.
10. The International Harvester Company, which is the Implement Trust, now debating with the Government whether it shall voluntarily dissolve or be sued. It buys from the Steel Trust.
11. Mr. Morgan's imaginatively capitalized International Mercantile Marine Company, which was intended

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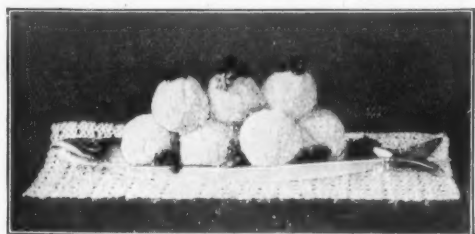
FOODS - Wholesome Delicate and Dainty Their Intelligent Preparation

THERE is nothing more important to the American housewife than the preparation of wholesome, delicate and dainty foods for her family. Indeed, the purity and wholesomeness of foods have become subjects of national interest. More and more people now realize that by intelligent eating, not only can they avoid such common ills as headache and indigestion, but can do much to make good health their normal condition.

Great interest centers in the effort to establish the correct proportion of vegetable and animal products in the daily diet. There are advocates both of meat diet and of vegetable diet; indeed, many are strictly vegetarians. In a number of sanitariums the basis of treatment is the substitution of a vegetable for an animal diet. Every important test made lately has confirmed the popular idea that all other things being equal, a vegetable product is more desirable than an animal one, and there can be no question of the desirability of replacing a greasy animal fat with a flaky vegetable product.

Purely Vegetable

CRISCO, the new product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking, is purely vegetable and should be used for cooking where you now use fats of animal origin, such as butter or lard. It is in no sense a compound or mixture of oils and fats. There is absolutely no animal



In Crisco, Fish Balls Fry in One Minute

matter in it, as shown by the fact that it is guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law. If it contained animal fat, it would come under the Government Meat Inspection Law.

Exquisitely Clean

CRISCO is absolutely clean and pure in origin and manufacture. It never gets strong, it stays sweet and fresh. It is put up in immaculate packages protected from dust and store odors. No hands ever touch it, no unsanitary paddles, boats or tubs. You are sure that every package of Crisco is wholesome and pure. As soon as you see Crisco, you will be impressed with its purity. It is a delicious cream white, pleasing and appetizing in appearance. The color, flavor and odor are natural, there is nothing artificial about it.



Crisco Fried Potatoes are Delicious

Adopted by People of all Nationalities and Religions

NEW preparations of old foods are continually coming before the public, but Crisco is an absolutely new, heretofore unknown food product. For this reason, its discovery is of immediate interest to all. To illustrate its importance, the American head of the Jewish religion, after a thorough examination of Crisco, certifies that Crisco is absolutely Kosher, that is, strictly in keeping with the requirements of the Mosaic Dietary Laws—he also says that it is a product which the Jewish race has needed for four thousand years. The most orthodox have adopted it and it is used by Jews who for years have paid forty cents a pound for chicken fat, rather than use products which since the time of Moses have been considered unclean.

Crisco has been adopted by French chefs who used olive oil, by Japanese cooks who preferred coconut oil, by the old negro cooks in the South instead of cottonseed oil and its compounds, in the Far West by Chinese servants who used butter, and in American homes where lard has been for generations the only cooking fat known. This widespread adoption of Crisco has been one of the most convincing proofs of the universal need of such a product.

"Dry" Frying

IN Crisco, foods fry so quickly that they are always dry and flaky. For frying, heat Crisco very hot. Crisco heats to such a high point that you can cook foods in it in less than half the time required with other cooking products. Potatoes fry in Crisco in four and one-half minutes, instead of ten. They fry so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption, so that they are crisp and deliciously dry. There is no unpleasant fat flavor—just the natural flavor of the potato, with the inside as dry and light as if baked. They are absolutely digestible, wholly different from potatoes soaked in ordinary fats.

Notice its Delicate Aroma

CRISCO has the fresh, pleasant odor of a vegetable product. It has none of the disagreeable features so characteristic of compounds or mixtures of oils and fats. Its use is not attended by even the slightest odor in the kitchen, nor do Crisco fried foods or pastries have any suggestion of the offensive odor or flavor which accompanies the use of cottonseed oil or lard com-



Do You Still Make Pie Crust with Animal Fats?

pounds. Test it in hot biscuits. Open a Crisco biscuit when it is very hot and notice the delightful biscuit aroma. This is one of the most pleasing qualities of Crisco, for the strong odor of the ordinary fats in common use has made them thoroughly objectionable.

The Economy of Crisco

WHEN frying with lard, you continually have to add more. With Crisco, you do not have to do this. You can notice how little Crisco is absorbed—how much of it is left and what remains can be re-used as long as it lasts, because it has not absorbed odors or flavors.

You can fry codfish in Crisco and then use the same Crisco for other foods. They will not taste of the fish!

There are few food products which enter so frequently into your diet as the product you use for frying, for shortening and for general cooking.

Purchase a package of Crisco today. Use it throughout your cooking and see how wholesome, delicate and dainty it makes your food.



Crisco is Purely Vegetable

On request, we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco, the new, and heretofore unknown, strictly vegetable product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking.

Packages 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 except in the Far West



Doughnuts Fry so Quickly in Crisco that they are Wholly Different from Doughnuts Soaked in Grease. They are Light and Flaky, like a Baked Cake.

CRISCO - Better than Butter for Cooking

Crisco is being placed in the grocery stores as rapidly as possible. If your own grocer does not keep it, you probably will find it in one of the other stores in your neighborhood; if not, on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin, we will send you by mail or express, charge repaid, a regular 25c package. If you order from us, write plainly your name and address, and also let us have the name of your grocer. Not more than one package will be sent direct from us to any one customer.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Dept. 3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Here's One in the Corner!"



An Open Break

One ball in—and good position! It looks like a run, but the slightest inaccuracy will change the entire situation and give the other man his chance.

Billiards and Pool are good, clean, wholesome games for the whole family—games that inspire keen friendly rivalry. You can play them now without frequenting a public poolroom. You can have in your own home a

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4' x 9' feet standard. Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table. Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table of whatever size is scientifically accurate in proportions to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

\$1.00 DOWN

Prices are \$6, \$15, \$25, \$35, \$45, \$55, \$75, etc., on terms of \$1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illus. catalog, giving prices, terms, etc. E. T. BURROWES CO., 417 Center St., Portland, Me.

A 5½% INVESTMENT

in the Business Center of Chicago

A bond issue of \$700,000 in \$500 and \$1,000 denominations, secured by first mortgage on 21-story modern fireproof office building being constructed on one of the principal corners in the heart of the city of Chicago. This investment combines these strong points:

- 1st The security is valued by us at \$1,550,000, or more than twice the entire bond issue.
- 2nd The actual cost of the building according to a conservative estimate will be in excess of \$1,300,000.
- 3rd The bonds are serial and the debt will be rapidly reduced by substantial payments.
- 4th The net income will show a substantial surplus over the annual requirements for interest and serial installments of the principal.
- 5th The bonds are the personal obligations of responsible men having an aggregate net worth of several times the bond issue.

Full information in Circular No. 753 C.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)
105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

BROOKSVILLE, FLORIDA, BOARD OF TRADE

\$ 600.00 Growing Oranges

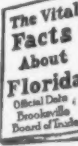
to 1000.00 Grape Fruit & Truck

per acre
Our farmers also raise 80 bu. of corn to the acre. Only a small amount of Florida soil is rich, high, black hammock land, such as surrounds our city. We, the Brooksville Board of Trade, have no land to sell, but want to interest ambitious men with from \$500 to \$1,000 capital to help develop tremendous agricultural and industrial advantages of Brooksville and Hernando County. Although farm and fruit land has been steadily going up in price, some good land can still be bought far below its real value.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

It tells you about the different kinds of Florida soil and why the best Oranges, Grape Fruit, Vegetables and biggest Corn crops (80 bu. to the acre) are grown here, 300 feet above the sea—no swamps or marshes. Ideal climate—schools, churches, good roads, all modern conveniences. If you are not afraid of work, and have at least \$500 to \$1000 capital, come to Brooksville. We need you and will help you by giving the benefit of our advice and experience. Write today.

BOARD OF TRADE, Box 425, BROOKSVILLE, FLA.



Finance

(Concluded from page 22)

to be a Shipping Trust, and is going to be investigated by Congress.

12. Eighty thousand miles of railroad, east, south, northwest, and southwest, supplied with rails, etc., by the Steel Trust. You have here a clue to the mystery of the price of steel rails. Though every other steel product is at the lowest price in ten years, the price of rails remains untouched at \$28 per ton.

To, By, and for Themselves

MEMBERS of the Steel Trust Board, sitting as such, resolve that \$28 a ton is a fair price for steel rails, and that everybody shall continue to say that until the attacks of politicians upon corporations cease there will be no money to lend to the railroads to buy rails or anything else.

Then they sit as directors of the railroads and debate whether to issue bonds or short-term notes with which to raise the money to buy, among other necessities, rails at \$28 per ton.

Then as bankers they may pretend to consider whether as railroad directors they offered themselves a fair bargain in new securities—that is, a fair margin of profit.

Then as directors of financial institutions they vote to buy or to lend money on the bonds or short-term notes which as railroad directors they voted to issue, and which as bankers they voted to underwrite, the capital to be used to buy rails for which as directors of the Steel Trust they have thought \$28 a ton a fair price.

True, \$28 a ton may be a fair price for steel rails, but has that anything to do with it? Suppose they should raise the price to \$35! Why should they cut it ever? The steel rail is but one item. The same decision has to be made by the Steel Trust directors as to the prices of other steel and iron products and of cement, which as railroad directors they buy from the Steel Trust.

Control Without Ownership

AS a matter of fact, in a majority of cases, the men who control the banks, the industrial trusts, and the railroads do not own them. The directors of the Steel Trust do not own it; the Steel Trust is owned by 150,000 people. The directors only control it and are elected by proxies.

The Morgan railroads are not owned by Mr. Morgan. He only controls them, as a banker, commanding the sources of vast credit.

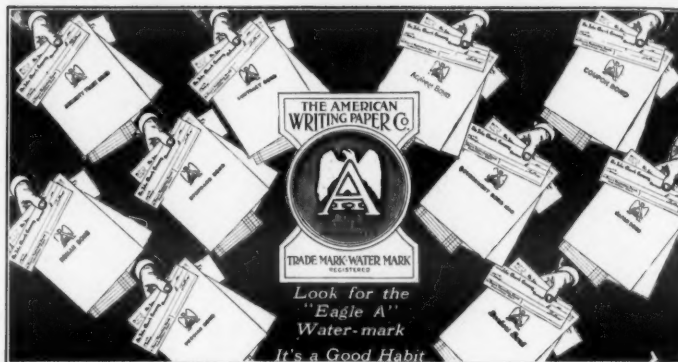
Lastly, Mr. Morgan's control of the sources of vast credit does not arise from actual ownership of the banking institutions whose lending power directly or indirectly he commands. The credit of one institution is used to buy control of another institution, the credit of that one to buy control of another one, and so on in an endless chain. The lending power of the institutions, control of which is thus obtained, is employed to gain influence over or control of other properties. The great Money Power deals in margins like the individual speculator, only in a much more scientific manner.

Seeing how the control of credit leads to the control of everything else, and how the control of one bank's credit is used to gain control of another bank and its credit, like building a pyramid upside down, it is a temptation to suggest that it be made unlawful for one bank to lend money on another bank's shares. There is already a movement to check national banks in the dangerous practice of buying and holding shares in other banks. That does not touch the right of an individual to invest, say, 20 per cent of his own capital in the shares of a bank and borrow on them the other 80 per cent from a bank which he already controls. Then he controls two.

He may have been a director of the first bank with which he hypothecated the shares of the acquired bank, and he may do it over and over, adding each time another bank to its control.

Use of It

THE trouble with remedies is their idiotic simplicity. Anybody can invent them. They are proposed in impatience. People cannot wait to see if the patient will live or die and in the meantime would blister his skin. The cure must take place inside. The probability is that men will abuse great power, particularly the power of credit. They always have. The certainty is that if they abuse it they will lose it. That is what the other half of Wall Street now is waiting for. The Money Power has to defend itself not only against its natural enemies, who are the people's politicians, but also against unnatural enemies in its own environment. The Boyz is at war with itself.



Have Stationery of Uniform Quality

Year In and Year Out

Your products have a standard of quality. So have your raw materials. You buy and sell on specification.

On all sides things are *standardized* with but one possible exception—your *business stationery*.

It is as important to standardize the paper with which you do business, as it is to strike a quality standard for your manufactured goods.

Do not allow the quality of your stationery to change every time you change Printers or Lithographers. Standardize it. Specify the paper you want. Use it for all your business forms, year in and year out. This insures stationery of a uniform, unvarying quality.

By no other means can you so effectually standardize your stationery as by adopting a Bond Paper with the "Eagle A" Trade-Mark Water-Mark.

"Eagle A" Bond Papers offer you the widest selection in quality, color and finish. And each is Water-Marked with the "Eagle A" as a guarantee of the utmost paper-value which only the economic manufacturing conditions of Twenty-Nine Mills makes possible.

Your Printer or Lithographer handles "Eagle A" Bond Papers. Ask him to show you samples.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY (29 Mills) 23 Main St., Holyoke, Mass.

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Can be inserted in a minute and is everlasting.
\$1.00 MAILED PREPAID Send dollar bill, 2c stamps or check at our risk. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money refunded.
State whether for Victor, Victor Victrola, Edison with rubber or metal connection, Columbia disc or cylinder.
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compound interest, just note the earning power of a dollar invested monthly at 6% compounded:

\$1 monthly for 10 years amounts to	\$163.30
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These are precisely the rates at which your savings increase when invested systematically in the Accumulative Bonds of the American Real Estate Company. A little arithmetic will show the possibilities of savings, from \$25 up, thus invested:

Annual Instalment	Term	Matures in Cash
\$25.65	20 Years	\$1000
40.53	15 Years	1000
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BRICKBATS & BOUQUETS

THERE has not been a less dependable journal than COLLIER'S WEEKLY published in this country since the Philadelphia "Aurora," which more than a hundred years ago was lying about George Washington.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

We do not often agree with COLLIER'S.—Portsmouth (Ohio) Times.

Pure food is possibly of more importance than the tariff. Dr. Wiley, Professor Allyn, and COLLIER'S are doing great service in the work.—Joliet (Ill.) News.

For several years COLLIER'S WEEKLY has carried on a campaign against food adulteration which has resulted in notable assistance to the Government in stamping out the evil.—Chicago (Ill.) Hardwood Record.

I desire to thank you in the name of the Chelan County Medical Society for the splendid work you are doing through "The National Weekly."

DR. THOS. H. GROSVENOR, Secretary-Treasurer Chelan County Medical Society.

COLLIER'S bemoans the reappearance of Peruna and Duffy's Malt Whisky. There always was a question of their quality as a drink.—Sioux City (Iowa) Tribune.

SINCE you have been for so long a time Pinchot's mouthpiece, and have continuously given space to his lies, it will be enlightening to your benighted mind to read a series of articles on Alaska by Mr. Robert D. Heintz, now appearing in "Leslie's Weekly."

COLLIER'S WEEKLY . . . prints an analysis of the American murder record, which will fairly stun even the people who have supposed themselves reasonably familiar with the facts of this disagreeable subject.—Colorado Springs (Colo.) Gazette.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is making a gallant fight for Presidential primaries.—Lincoln (Neb.) Commoner.

It is a little unusual to find a capitalist paper as prominent as COLLIER'S that

would give Socialists credit for anything worthy.

There is no more vigorous or high-minded journal in the United States than COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—Sidney Brooks in the (London) Fortnightly Review.

As so unquestionably unbiased a periodical as COLLIER'S WEEKLY recently declared, the question involved is so important that the mere label of the Aldrich plan should not militate against its being given at least full consideration.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Only one attempt, at once competent and sincere, has yet been made, so far as we are aware, to get at the secrets of the Los Angeles bargain. All other efforts are apparently bent upon bushing up the whole affair, from its extraordinary ending in that bargain back to its beginnings in the dynamite crusade. They are either that, or else they tend to divert public scrutiny from trails that may lead somewhere to trails that lead nowhere.

The convincing inquiry to which we refer is C. P. Connolly's as set out by him in COLLIER'S.—Chicago (Ill.) The Public.

This outburst of virtuous reproach to the yellow press from Connolly, one of the writers through whom COLLIER'S WEEKLY long pursued Judge Ballinger with vindictive mendacity and outrageous falsehood. The infamous article on "Ballinger—Shyster," written by Connolly and printed in COLLIER'S WEEKLY April 2, 1910, marked the very nadir of journalistic muckraking in the United States. Now Connolly is after Darrow.

—Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

A prominent writer in COLLIER'S WEEKLY says that instead of making a record for economy, the members of the Democratic House are making asses of themselves and hopes that the President will not be slow in using the veto. But then COLLIER'S had much to do with putting them there and so has the right to scold its progeny of statesmen.

—Galesburg (Ill.) Republican Register.

Alvin has grown so rapidly and steadily for the past three years, isn't it astonishing that COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the foremost magazine in America, has not sent a representative down to cover her "story"? They never pass up anything, but they are kept busy fighting for pure food and better government.—Alvin (Texas) Advocate.

Why Do Men Kill?

(Continued from page 14)

As to the reasons for the killings, they were as diverse as those which Mr. Nott had prosecuted, save that they were more of an ultra bloodthirsty character, due probably to the fact that the young lady who did the clipping wanted (after one rebuff) to make sure that I was satisfied with the goods she sent me. And this suggests a reason for the large percentage of cold-blooded killings prosecuted by my friend—namely, that Mr. Nott being the most astute prosecutor available, the district attorney, whenever the latter had a particularly atrocious case, sent it to him in order that the defendant might surely get his full deserts.

The Panorama

THE reasons for these homicides were of every sort; police officers and citizens were shot and killed by criminals trying to make "get-aways," and by negroes and others "running amuck"; despondent young men shot their unresponsive sweethearts and then either blew out their own brains or pretended to try to do so; two stable men had a duel with revolvers, and each killed the other; several men were shot for being too attentive to young women residing in the same hotels; an Italian, whose wife had left him and gone to her mother, went to the house and killed her, her sister, her sister's husband, his mother-in-law, two children, and finally himself; the "Gopher Gang" started a riot at a "benefit" dance given to a widow and killed a man, after which they fled to the woods and fired from cover upon the police until eighteen were overpowered and arrested; a young girl and her fiancé, sitting in the parlor, planning their honey-

moon, were unexpectedly interrupted by a rejected suitor of the girl's, who shot and killed both of them; an Italian who peeked into a bedroom, just for fun, afterward rushed in and cut off two persons' heads with an ax—one of them was his wife; a gang of white ruffians shot and then burned a negro family of three peacefully working in the fields; a man who went to the front door to see who had tapped on his window was shot through the heart; a striker was killed by a 25-pound piece of flagging thrown from a roof; there was a gun fight of colored men at Madison, Wisconsin, at which three were shot; a gang of negro ruffians killed and mutilated a white woman (with a baby in her arms) and her husband; masked robbers called a man to his barn at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and cut his throat; an Italian was found with his head split in two by a butcher's cleaver; a negro in Lafayette, Louisiana, killed a family of six with a hatchet; a negro farmer and his two daughters were lynched and their bodies burned by four white men (who will probably also be lynched if caught); a girl of eleven shot her girl friend of about the same age and killed her; several persons were found stabbed to death; a plumber killed his brother (also a plumber) for saying that he stole two dollars; a murderer was shot by a posse of militia in a cornfield; a card game at Bayonne, New Jersey, resulted in a revolver fight on the street in which one of the players was killed; bank robbers killed a cashier at twelve o'clock noon; a jealous lover in Butte, Montana, shot and killed his sweetheart, her father, and mother; a deputy sheriff was murdered; burglars killed several persons in the course of

There's No Need of Tire Trouble on Your Electric

And, madam, any one of the thousands whose electrics are equipped with Motz Cushion Tires will so tell you.

They will tell you that tire punctures, blowouts and skidding are abolished.

—that their cars ride as comfortably as if equipped with properly inflated pneumatic tires.

—that Motz Cushion Tires end all tire repair bills.

—that these remarkable tires outwear five sets of treacherous pneumatics.

—that Motz Cushion Tires vastly increase the pleasure, comfort, security and safety of motoring.

Motz Cushion Tires are guaranteed for 10,000 miles—two years. Pneumatics average less than 3,000.

Don't you think that when you are investing two to five thousand dollars in an electric car, it would be foolish to disregard the experiences of those who have tried all types of tires?

Any maker of pleasure electrics will cheerfully give you Motz Cushion Tire equipment if you but ask it, even though he pays more for these tires.

For he wants to give you a trouble-proof car. Leading makers, who build 95 per cent of all American-made electrics, have adopted Motz Cushion Tires as standard equipment.

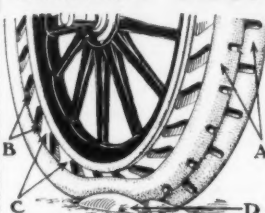
And anyone who wishes to replace impracticable tires with Motz Cushion Tires can do so easily. Because these tires fit any standard clincher, any universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

We publish an attractive little book on tires. It is interesting, not technical. It reproduces letters from owners of electrics who have tried all types of tires. May we send you this? Merely

write on a postal, "Send me your booklet 89."

Please mention make and model of your car.

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The Motz Cushion Tire is made easy riding by means of double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret processed rubber.
A—Shows double, notched treads.
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40 Horse Power

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Sharpens Perfectly ALL Razors

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DETECTIVE William J. Burns carries in his hip pocket constantly a Savage Automatic.

During the detection of the Dynamiters, Burns had definite information that his life was in peril. Therefore, this greatest American Detective, whose moves were breathlessly watched by the whole country, protected his life with the greatest arm of defense—the Ten Shot Savage Automatic.

Every property owner knows in the bottom of his heart that the unseen peril of the burglar may become a reality any night. He knows, as well as Detective Burns knows, that if he has a Savage Automatic he is a match for any emergency. That even in his absence his wife and family are protected. That he has placed in his household "the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home," as Detective Burns has stated.

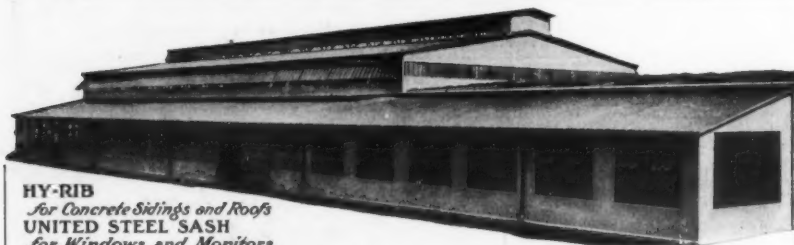
The Savage Ten Shot Automatic aims easy as pointing your finger. Shoots eleven powerful shots, gets into action quick with the first vital shot. Follows with one shot to every trigger pull. Reloads and recocks itself automatically. When empty ten more shots are loaded in a second. Examine the Savage at your dealer's today.

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Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.
Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

Why Do Men Kill?

(Concluded from page 25)

their business; Kokolosski, a Pole, kicked his child to death; and a couple of dozen people were incidentally shot, stabbed, or otherwise disposed of in the course of quarrels over the most trivial matters. In almost no case was there what an intelligent, civilized man would regard as an adequate reason for the homicide. They killed because they felt like killing, and yielded to the impulse, whatever its immediate origin.

The Story of the Figures

THIS conclusion is abundantly supported by the figures of the Chicago "Tribune" for the seven years ending in 1900, when carefully analyzed. During this period 62,812 homicides were recorded. Of these there were 17,120 of which the causes were unknown and 3,204 committed while making a justifiable arrest, in self-defense, or by the insane, so that there were in fact only 42,488 felonious homicides the causes of which can be definitely alleged. The ratio of the "quarrels" to this net total is about 75 per cent. There were, in addition, 2,848 homicides due to liquor—that is, *without cause*. Thus 80 per cent of all the murders and man-slaughters in the United States for a period of seven years were for no reason at all or from mere anger or habit, arising out of causes often of the most trifling character.

Nor are the conclusions, changed by the figures of the years between 1904 and 1909.

During this period 61,786 homicides were recorded. Of these there were 9,302 of which the causes were not known, and 2,480 committed while making a justifiable arrest, in self-defense, or by the insane, leaving 50,004 cases of felonious homicides of known causes. Of these homicides, 33,476 were due to quarrels and 4,799 to liquor, a total of 38,275 out of the 50,004 cases of known causes being traceable in this, another seven years, to motives the most casual.

Now it would be stupid to allege that the reason men killed was because they had been stepped on or had been deprived of a glass of beer. The cause lies deeper than that. It rests in the willingness or desire of the murderer to kill at all. Among barbaric or savage peoples this is natural; but among civilized nations it is hardly to be anticipated. If the negro who shoots his fellow because he believes himself to have been cheated out of ten cents were really civilized, he would either not have the impulse to kill or, having the impulse to kill, would have sufficient power of self-control to refrain from doing so. This power of self-control may be natural or acquired, and it may or may not be possessed by the man who feels a desire to commit a homicide. The fact to be observed—the interesting and, broadly speaking, the astonishing fact—is that among a people like ourselves anybody should have a desire to kill. It is even more astonishing than that the impulse should be yielded to so often if it comes.

The Real Reason Why Men Kill

THIS, then, is the real reason why men kill—because it is inherent in their state of mind, it is part of their mental and physical make-up—they are ready to kill. They want to kill, they are the kind of men who do kill. This is the result of their heredity, environment, educational and religious training, or the absence of it. How many readers of this paper have ever experienced an actual desire to kill another human being? Probably not one hundredth of one per cent. They belong to the class of people who either never have such an impulse, or at any rate have been taught to keep such impulses under control. Hence it is futile to try to explain that some men kill for a trifling sum of money, some because they felt insulted, others because of political or labor disputes, or because they do not like their food. Anyone of these may be the match that sets off the gunpowder, but the real cause of the killing is the fact that the gunpowder is there, lying around loose, and ready to be touched off. What engenders this gunpowder state of mind would make a valuable sociological study, but it may well be that a seemingly inconsequential fact may so embitter a boy or man toward life or the human race in general that in times he "sees red" and goes through the world looking for trouble. Any cause that makes for crime and depravity makes for murder as well. The little boy who is driven out of the tenement on to the street, and in turn off the street by a policeman, until finding no wholesome place to play he joins a "gang" and begins an incipient career of crime, may end in the "death house."

collected by the Chicago "Tribune" for the years from 1881 to 1910:

Number of Murders and Homicides in the United States Each Year Since 1881, Compared with the Population

Year	Number of Murders and Homicides in the United States	Estimated Population of the United States	Number of Murders and Homicides for each Million of People
1881	1,366	51,316,000	24.7
1882	1,467		27.9
1883	1,497		31.6
1884	1,465		26.7
1885	1,808	56,148,000	32.2
1886	1,499		26.1
1887	2,335		39.8
1888	2,184		36.4
1889	3,567		58.2
1890	4,290	62,622,250	68.5
1891	5,906		92.4
1892	6,791		104.2
1893	6,615		99.5
1894	9,800		144.7
1895	10,500	69,043,000	152.2
1896	10,652		151.3
1897	9,520		132.8
1898	7,840		107.2
1899	6,225		83.6
1900	8,275	75,994,575	108.7
1901	7,852	77,754,000	100.9
1902	8,834	79,117,000	111.7
1903	8,976		112.0
1904	8,482		
1905	9,212		
1906	9,350		
1907	8,712		
1908	8,052		
1909	8,103		
1910	8,975	91,972,266	97.5
Total	191,250		

In view of the foregoing it may seem paradoxical for the writer to state that he questions the alleged unusual tendency to commit murder on the part of citizens of the United States. Yet of one fact he is absolutely convinced—namely, that homicide has substantially decreased in the last fifteen years. Even according to the figures collected by the Chicago "Tribune," there were but 8,975 homicides in 1910 as compared with 9,800 in 1894, and 10,652 in 1896. Meantime the population of our country has been leaping onward.

We are bloodthirsty enough, God knows, without making things out any worse than they are or juggling the figures. Our murder rate per 100,000 unquestionably exceeds that of most of the countries of western Europe, but, as the saying is, "there's a reason." If our homicide statistics related only to the white population of even the second generation born in this country we should find, I am convinced, that we are no more homicidal than France and Belgium, and less so than Italy. It is to be expected that with our Chinese, "greaser," and half-breed population in the West, our Black Belt in the South, and our Sicilian and South Italian immigration in the North and East, our murder rate should exceed those of the continental nations, which are nothing if not well policed.

But of one thing we can be abundantly certain without any figures at all, and that is that our present method of administering justice (less the actions of juries than of judges)—the system taken as a whole—offers no deterrent to the embryonic or professional criminal. The administration of justice to-day is not the swift judgment of honest men upon a criminal act, but a clever game between judge and lawyer, in which the action of the jury is discounted entirely and the moves are made with a view to checkmating justice, not in the trial courtroom but before the appellate tribunal two or three years later.

"My young feller," said a grizzled veteran of the criminal bar to me long years ago, after our jury had gone out, "there's lots of things in this game you ain't got on to yet. Do you think I care what this jury does? Not one mite. I got a nice little error into the case the very first day—and I've set back ever since. 'Spose we are convicted? I'll get Jim here [the prisoner] out on a certificate and it'll be two years before the Court of Appeals will get around to the case. Meantime Jim'll be out makin' money to pay me my fee—won't you, Jim? Then your witnesses will be gone, and nobody'll remember what on earth it's all about. You'll be down in Wall Street practicing real law yourself, and the indictment will kick around the office for a year or so, all covered with dust, and then some day I'll get a friend of mine to come in quietly and move to dismiss. And it'll be dismissed. Don't you worry! Why, a thousand other murders will have been committed in this county by the time that happens. Bless your soul! You can't go on tryin' the same man forever! Give the other feller a chance. You shake your head? Well, it's a fact. I've been doin' it for forty years. You'll see." And I did. That may not be why men kill, but perhaps indirectly it may have something to do with it.

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Number of
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Homicides
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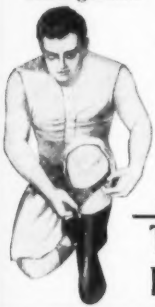
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METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 418 North Clark Street, Chicago

The Cost of Living

(Continued from page 19)

that city for the Mayor. Settlements, here in Brooklyn, and in New York, and in other near-by cities are asking me to come and talk. You see, they are much interested. And a few, like Mrs. Brown, are actually doing what I recommend."

Cooperation of Producers

DESPITE her modesty, Mrs. Bangs is a real pioneer. Cooperation is a simple, workable remedy for the nerve-wearing, purse-straining disease we call the high cost of living, but the fact must be discovered to each generation and to each community. Over and over, the proof is shown that between the producer and the consumer stand too many paid agents. These agents, aware of their own general uselessness, have organized, and have fostered in the city consumer a spirit of reliance upon them. They are accepted by the producer only because the producer thinks they are indispensable to the consumer. Remove that impression, and the commission men, jobbers, and prevalent grocers and hucksters would begin to disappear. Mrs. Bangs is doing the work courageously in Brooklyn.

Cooperation among producers—orange, peach, and apple orchardists, vegetable growers, potato farmers—has made way rapidly in this country. Among the farmers there are more than 2,500 buying and selling organizations. Not so among the consumers. Fifty years ago distributive cooperation was agitated in Massachusetts; to-day, fewer than 50,000 persons—less than 1 1/4 per cent of the State's population—are in any way benefited by the idea. For the whole country, of course, the percentage is much less—so small as to be negligible. England and Sweden and Belgium and Germany are far ahead. One English organization—the International Cooperative Alliance—has a membership of 2,701,000 families, employs 82,200 persons, owns plantations in Ceylon and Brazil, a fleet of steamships and a dozen factories, sells more than \$565,000,000 of goods annually, and last year distributed profits to its members of \$11,000,000. Naturally, this great organization buys directly at the lowest possible cost, and it is able to sell on a margin of two per cent. Members not only feed and clothe themselves through the stores of this enormous cooperative institution, but from dividends they buy and pay for homes. When one-fifth of the purchase price of a home is credited in dividends to a member, the company will advance the other four-fifths, and let future dividends take care of the debt.

A Plan for Railroad Workers

ADOPTING this idea, two groups of Americans have recently undertaken to work out the cooperative store idea—but from widely different angles. The first is simply an association of stores, already in operation, which shall give certificates to purchasers. At least six per cent of the money paid shall be returned when the certificates are presented. To the consumer that is the saving—to the stores joining the association is held out the temptation of moving their stocks more rapidly, and thus increasing their year's profits.

Very different is the ambitious project of certain employees of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. With the active aid and encouragement of Louis D. Brandeis, the "Palmer Cooperative Association" has been formed to own and manage stores for supplying the families of the 100,000 and more men employed by that railroad and its subsidiaries. Two stores in Boston, to be followed by stores at other railroad division points, are to be established. The original capital of \$50,000 is to be raised to \$500,000 before the chain of 200 or more stores is complete. In the new association, which has taken the name of a man who for a year has run a purchasing association for 2,400 of the road's men, seven of the biggest unions of railway employees are represented. Its by-laws provide for a proper surplus fund, and, to keep the control of the stores forever in the hands of the men, the rule has been fixed that one man may hold only one share of stock and have one vote in the management.

The "Maison du Peuple"

THIS is significant of the new trend of thought among the workers. What is the use, they argue, of fighting hard for a ten per cent increase in wages when, in the time it takes to win the fight, living cost has gone up fifteen per cent? They must save something of such wage increases for the permanent betterment of their homes.

Eighteen months ago, Piet Vlag, a Hollander familiar with the operation of the



Quality Cars have Quality Tops

Look critically at the cars whirling by and see just what makes a car look shabby or smart—nine times out of ten it's the top.

Pantasote Tops stay new—and they make your entire car look new and fresh. Look in the peak of the top for the

Pantasote

brass-label—it is your protection against cheap substitutes such as "Near-Mohair" and the various imitations that don't keep out the wet and that get dirty and can't be cleaned.

Better sit under a spic and span Pantasote top than under a soiled, shabby and leaky "just as good" material that can't stay clean.

If you try to clean "Mohair" or "Near-Mohair" your cleanser dissolves the rubber gum and then the layers of the material separate. If you brush it you work the dust into the top.

You can't spot Pantasote permanently; you can't crack it by intense heat; you can't crack it by intense cold or by folding and creasing; you can't spoil it by rain, snow or sleet. Pantasote tops are the only tops that remain.

That's why Pantasote tops have remained from the beginning of the automobile industry, while the others keep changing.

SOME NEW INFORMATION FOR AUTOMOBILE BUYERS

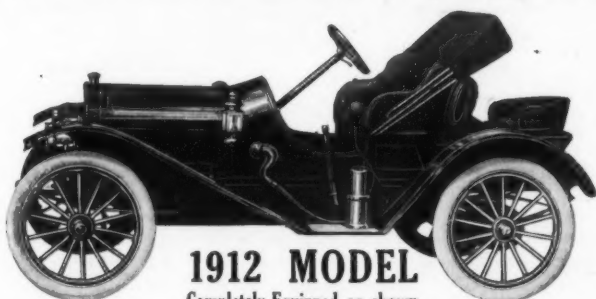
We have produced a book called "The X-Ray on Automobile Tops"—technical enough for the automobile top-maker—plain enough for the automobile owner. It is crowded with facts about automobile top fabrics—it gives you a thorough and complete knowledge on the subject.

This knowledge is your best protection against substitution. If you have a thorough knowledge yourself on various top materials, no unscrupulous dealer can argue against you, because you know what you are talking about. Get your copy of "The X-Ray on Automobile Tops."

Write this minute while the news is fresh in your mind. Reach for your fountain pen and just put the word "X-Ray" on a letter or postal. Address it to THE PANTASOTE COMPANY, 131 Bowling Green Bldg., New York. Look for the brass-label in the peak of the top.

\$495⁰⁰

The Automobile Sensation of the Year!



1912 MODEL
Completely Equipped, as shown

METZ "Twenty-Two" ROADSTER

Every atom in the make-up of this car is strictly standard—in quality, strength and design. It is the greatest automobile value ever offered. It is the only four-cylinder, water-cooled, completely equipped car sold at a price within the means of everybody.

The METZ "Twenty-Two" is the most economical car you can buy AT ANY PRICE. It will carry you from 28 to 32 miles on one gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on a pint of lubricating oil, and from 8,000 to 10,000 miles on a single set of tires.


The three METZ cars which completed the famous Glidden Tour from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., were the lowest priced cars entered in that stamina-testing event. They were the only team, out of the eighteen that started, to arrive in Roanoke, Va.,

with a perfect score and inside the schedule, without time extension.

The METZ car is guaranteed to climb hills as fast as any other car made, regardless of its power or price. It is easy-riding, simple in operation, a marvel in efficiency, absolutely dependable under any and all conditions.

To Dealers—This is the big seller for 1912. We have a great proposition for live automobile agents everywhere. Write today for Book "C" giving full particulars.

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Hartford Fire Insurance Company
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Incorporated, 1810
Charter perpetual

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By this Policy of Insurance,
THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

In consideration of Twenty and 00/100 Dollars to them paid by the Assured hereinafter named, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged: **DO INSURE,**

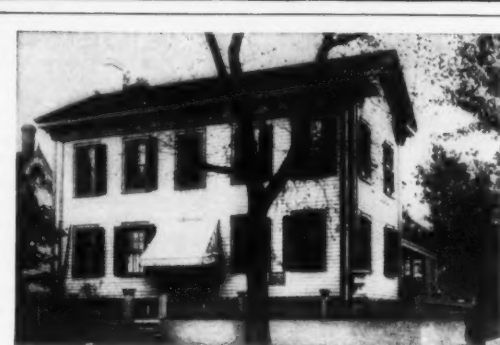
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AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE TO THE AMOUNT OF
Three Thousand and Two Hundred Dollars

3000 of One his frame Two story
being 30 by 39 feet. Rear
7 by 24 feet. Front
front

75 of One his frame Cabbage
125 of One his frame wood House
House and 7 feet East of
Lot 7, and Lot 8. Block.

For a more particular and Survey No. 253, in Policy and a Separately

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THIS is a reproduction of a fire insurance policy issued by the Hartford Fire Insurance Company in 1861 on the home of Abraham Lincoln just before he left Springfield, Ill. for his first inauguration as President of the United States. The Hartford Fire Insurance Company is far stronger today than in Lincoln's time and a policy which was good enough for Lincoln is good enough for anybody. When you want fire insurance insist on the Hartford.

And the Hartford Fire Insurance Company...

Attest:
Thos. H. Allen Secretary
H. H. Huntington President
Witnessed at Springfield this 8th day of February 1861
James L. Hill & Co Agent 5

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KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA
the largest and most luxurious steamer of the Hamburg-American service. Equipped with Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, Palm Garden, Gymnasium, Electric Baths, Elevators. Will leave New York FEBRUARY 14, 1912, stopping at Madeira, (12 hrs.), Gibraltar (4 hrs.), Algiers (8 hrs.), Villefranche (14 hrs.), Genoa, (20 hrs.), Naples (8 hrs.), Port Said (5 days). Steamer returns to New York To or from London and To or from London and via Naples and Gibraltar. Port Said, \$165 up other ports, \$115 up

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Four Delightful Cruises to the WEST INDIES, PANAMA CANAL, VENEZUELA and BERMUDA

Leaving New York by the Palatial Twin-Screw Steamers: S. S. "VICTORIA LUISE", (16,500 tons), Feb. 7, 25 days, \$175 and up. S. S. "MOLTKE", (12,500 tons), 28 Days, Feb. 24, 1912, \$150 and up; 16 Days, March 26, 1912, \$85 and up.

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Itinerary includes Madeira, Spain, Italy, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlement, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands and Overland American Tour, inland excursions and side trips.

Optional: 17 DAYS IN INDIA
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Cost including all necessary \$650 and up Duration 110 Days expenses aboard and ashore

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That is one reason why you should "Hunt for Hunt's"

Another is—they are pure and good.

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100 Free Trips to California—will interest you. Write HUNT BROS. CO. 112 MARKET STREET SAN FRANCISCO

The Cost of Living

(Continued from page 27)

great cooperative "Maison du Peuple" of Brussels, came to New York to organize a similar business. With two Socialists, an insurance man, and an importer, he organized the American Wholesale Cooperative.

Mayor Shank's Solution

FARMERS' markets—where producer and consumer may get together without preliminaries of any sort, and where competition actually makes prices—are the next step. Cities and towns will find it wise to encourage these. Mayor Shank of Indianapolis, trained as an auctioneer and wise as a politician, turned salesman lately to prove this point: The farmer gets an absurdly low price for potatoes, and the Indianapolis potato eater has to pay an absurdly high price to the retailer. The Mayor brought seven carloads of potatoes from Michigan and sold them from vans in the public market at a price far below the rate prevailing among the commission men. Next he took up apples—in the orchards they were rotting on the ground, and in the markets they were selling for from 70 cents to \$1 a bushel. Why not gather them up and sell them to the people at 30 or 40 cents a bushel?

Then pork, then chickens and ducks, then turkeys—Mayor Shank went on with his demonstrations. Ridicule showered about him, the commission men—the "ring"—scoffed, but the people bought from Shank, and when his supply was exhausted they left orders for future delivery.

In Waterloo, Iowa, a city of 30,000, with many factory workers, a farmers' market is in successful operation. From 500 to 3,000 persons come daily to traffic with the growers. Here the farmer gets what he can and the housewife buys as cheaply as she can. One grower will sell potatoes for 60 cents a bushel and half a square away another will get 72 cents a bushel. The big policeman who keeps order in the market says it is a square deal for everybody. "There are maybe thirty or forty grocers in town that are kicking, but there are about 30,000 people happy over the idea, so it seems to me just about unanimous."

Many towns could do the same—conditions at Waterloo are not exceptional.

Essentials of Cooperation

IN the Northwest cooperation is likely to have its best growth. At Minneapolis and St. Paul, not long ago, twenty leaders of the cooperative movement in the United States met to talk over the problems of cooperation and to define with some exactness the status of the movement and its followers. Here are their conclusions on this point:

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting the term "cooperative" should rightfully be applied only to such organizations as comply with the following regulations:

FIRST—The limiting of votes to the individual member, irrespective of holdings, abolishing the proxy.

SECOND—Limiting of interest on capital stock to the prevailing rates of interest.

THIRD—The return of surplus profits according to patronage and, where practicable, also according to service.

College communities furnish some of the best instances of successful cooperative buying, selling, and living. The "coop"—a store run by students for students—is familiar to most American college student bodies. That at Harvard has become one of the biggest stores in the State. Its prices on the articles of college use which it carries are so low that competition by outside tradesmen practically disappears. Boarding clubs—like the old Foxcroft at Harvard, and the University Dining Club at the University of Missouri, are successfully run on a cooperative basis. At Foxcroft I have breakfasted for eleven cents, lunched for fourteen, and dined for twenty-one, and my day included an hour's work in the gymnasium. Ten-cent meals at Missouri include this day's menu:

Breakfast—Oatmeal, toast, coffee, and fried ham.

Dinner—Roast pork, mashed potatoes, asparagus on toast, radishes, pumpkin pie.

Supper—Corn salad, crackers and cheese, pickles, canned plums, cocoa.

Successful College Cooperators

FROM a letter written by the president of Valparaiso University in Indiana this paragraph is taken:

"Our minimum rate for board is \$1.40 a week; for lodging, 30 cents a week. Our maximum rate for board is \$2 a week; for lodging, 75 cents a week. At the latter rate, two students have a suite of two rooms with hot and cold water. The rooms are comfortably furnished and the

The Cost of Living

(Concluded from page 28)

board is very satisfactory." In this case, the college president himself has tackled the cost of living on behalf of his students, and, by keen business management and by cutting off every source of waste or profit for a middleman, has worked a modern miracle. It is literally true that Valparaiso University furnishes comfortable rooms and good food for \$10 a month.

Figures From Missouri

HERE and there groups of families come together for a trial of cooperation involving not only marketing, but cooking and serving food as well. A Missouri woman, living in Carthage, is one who has shown a way. Under her guidance, a group of families took a big, well-built house and turned it into a club and cooperative kitchen. Six employees do the work for the sixty members, and the cost is three dollars a week for each member. There is a manager, of course—to Mrs. McGee, a member, is left the details.

One month's budget stood as follows:

Income	
Membership dues.....	\$700.00
Guests.....	80.00
Rent of two rooms.....	15.00
Total.....	\$795.00
Outgo	
Servants.....	\$134.00
Manager's pay.....	35.00
Light, ice, and heat.....	40.00
Telephones (two).....	38.00
Meat.....	3.50
Milk and cream.....	163.00
Groceries.....	64.00
Incidentals.....	307.00
Cash on hand.....	5.75
Total.....	4.25
Total.....	\$795.00

"No worry, no talk about servants, good and plain food at a low cost—it seems too good to be true!" After a year the ver-

diet of the group is this: These people of Carthage were "shown."

In Burrton, Kansas, nine families came together to try a similar experiment. With some advantages the Carthage cooperators did not have, cost of meals was cut to eight cents per person—and the group included a merchant, a banker, a preacher, and a druggist. One member was made treasurer, and the marketing and management was turned over to a committee of three.

Among the scores of cooperative house-owning groups which have been formed in New York City, people as far apart as the \$30-a-month rent payer and the man who wants a \$3,000-a-year apartment are represented. One of them has erected a huge apartment house, costing more than half a million, fronting on Central Park. There are sixty apartments; those for the twenty who put in \$16,000 each to finance the plan were arranged to suit individual tastes. It is figured that the rental income from the other forty apartments will run the house, meet the tax charges, and provide a sinking fund to pay off the mortgage.

At the other end of the scale is the movement started by the New York East Side House Settlement which crystallized in the Cooperative House-Ownning Association. Capital to buy a tenement house was raised by the sale of shares at \$10 each. Stockholders had been preferred as tenants, and returns on investment have been limited to six per cent. Questions of management have been left to the stockholders. For ten years the plan has been in operation—a sufficient commentary on its success.

Cooperation is the best answer to the problem of mounting bills for living expenses, and it is workable. In some form it is available to everybody. What you must pay will be regulated by what you want to pay—provided you take thought of the problem.

In Medieval America

(Continued from page 18)

This to some proud Senator who had refused his vote when wanted; to a rich planter who had declined to yield up half of his inheritance to some favorite of the presidential prodigal, or to pay some arbitrary tax or assessment of, maybe, ten thousand dollars gold, specially imposed at a time when the coffers of the tyrant were empty.

"Send your daughter to me!"

When next that father found his daughter, she would be in the public stalls. Through this very street that I was looking on that edict had gone forth. Through this street in a closed carriage the poor girl, pale and helpless, had gone to her awful fate, at the hands of a man whose heart was as stony as the cobbles over which her carriage wheels were grating. So strong was the imaginative quality of that atmosphere that I seemed to see a hopeless, pallid face, with great, frightened eyes, peer out of the next carriage that passed before me. Though the tropical sun was beating down fiercely, a chill crept through my veins, a chill that only warmed as I reflected that on Christmas Day of 1909 this inhuman monster had driven down this street for the last time, forced, if not to punishment, at least to exile, where to-day, it is said, he riots on the gold extorted from helpless countrymen and shrewdly invested abroad against the coming of such a day as at last had dawned for him.

But these stories must be exaggerated, you urge. Perhaps. But also there must be an immense percentage of truth in them, since you hear them everywhere, and none deny and few qualify. Each man you ask will add another instance, and the most conservative of them will listen to your questions with an eye that blazes with recollections of one sort or another, and then mutter between tightening lips something like this: "Zelaya? Zelaya was the most fiendish man that ever cursed this country with his presence. After seventeen years of absolute rule, he left his native land, so rich in its natural resources, stagnated and bankrupt."

The Revolutionary Tide

ZELAYA was gone now. But Avenue Central had not become a lane for school children when he went away. To his Vice President, Madriz, Zelaya, in going, had bequeathed the presidency and a rebellion. From Managua, Madriz watched this revolutionary tide roll ominously nearer and nearer until it was almost at the gates of

the city, when by a lucky battle the Nationalist forces defeated and almost obliterated the army of Chamorra, a tall and wiry irreconcilable with Carib blood in his veins, who for seventeen years had been in a state of chronic insurgency. The advance of the insurgents was completely crumpled up. The National army pursued them through the various stages of increasing demoralization to the very Atlantic's edge. But there, while a few of Uncle Sam's gunboats looked on significantly, the almost wiped out forces of insurgency rallied again, and commenced a new westward movement that gained in momentum as it advanced, sweeping the lately victorious Nationalists before them like tropic mists, until presently the revolution burst full tide upon Managua itself. Madriz went flying down the avenue into exile exactly as Zelaya had gone. There was a new President and a new administration in Nicaragua. The new President was Estrada, chief of the revolutionist forces, but in a few months he resigned the office to his vice president, Adolfo Diaz, who to-day appears to be earnestly trying to give his country that for which government is designed.

A Better Day Approaches

HOWEVER, a visitor to Nicaragua is speedily informed that the real power in the present administration is not President Diaz, but Minister of War Mena, who is described as a big, fearless, strong-willed man, one of the few politicians in the country whose pledged word a foreigner may absolutely depend upon.

So now a better day seems dawning in Nicaragua.

If, in a historically inquisitive mood, you should go to-day kicking amid the tangled clumps in some Nicaraguan jungle, you might come upon a group of crumbling ruins of brick-built tables, oblong and grave-shaped. These are the sacrificial slabs of the old Aztec races upon which a human victim was laid, from the breast of which, by the sudden gashing of a sharp stone knife, it was the ambition of the priest to pluck the living heart before the eyes of the victim had fluttered with the death stroke. That bloody worship seems to have been a gloomy forecast of the history of the country; but a feeling grows in the minds of visitors to Nicaragua that the day of steeper equilibrium has come, and that the adventurous exploiter will no longer pluck the living heart of this country from its quivering breast.

The very day that I was in Managua ar-

A Sanitary Protection for your Employees

If it had not been a menace to health, Chicago and other cities would not have prohibited the use of the public towel.

Employers, in some of the largest Factories and Offices, would not have discarded fabric towels, unless it was in the interest of their employees and themselves.

Employer and Employee alike Appreciate
Scot Tissue Towels
"Use like a Blotter"

The snowy white absorbent crinkled paper towel, that is used once and thrown away.

Modern research shows that more skin and eye diseases are transmitted through the use of the common fabric towel, than through any other source and the only way to be sure of perfect cleanliness and freedom from infection, is to use individual paper towels—a clean towel for every one at every wash.

One towel is ample to thoroughly dry the hands and two for the hands and face—do not abuse the privilege of always having a clean towel, by wasting them.

Demand these individual towels in the lavatory of your factory or office—enlist the efforts of your councilmen toward legislation against the dirty roller fabric towel.

Clean Hands,
Clean Work.
Health is a
Business Asset



If you haven't used them, ask your Dealer—Druggist, Grocer, Hardware or Department store—

150 towels to the roll, 35c
(50c West of Mississippi)
Fixtures 25c to \$1.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
601 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

"Humanity's Melting Pot—With the Lid Off!"

The Immigration Problem

A NEW BOOK—JUST OUT

By JEREMIAH W. JENKS, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Economics and Politics, Cornell University; and W. JETT LAUCK, A.B., formerly Assistant Professor of Economics in Washington and Lee University.

Shall immigration be restricted?
Who shall be excluded if it is?
Would you favor an educational test?

For the wise reply required by these and kindred questions, facts and figures official and reliable are imperative. These appear, carefully digested, and are discusst without prejudice, in this absolutely new and noteworthy work.

This remarkable book of about

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It shows how foreign-born workers affect American Work and Wages—tells all you will need to know concerning our alien population and its influences upon life and industrial conditions in this country.

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Carry A Texas Gun



A new Watch Fob idea and the catchiest that has ever been offered in this line. Makes a hit everywhere, attracts attention because it carries an air of Western romance. Made within gun shot of the Alamo, Cradle of Texas liberty. Miniature of the Cowboys' equipment. Reminiscent of the woolly days of the great Southwest.

Holster of good leather, metal gun slipped inside ready to be pulled. Holster stamped like cut, or your initial burnt on it.

A suitable gift, certain to please young and old of both sexes. Send 25 cents to-day and we will send you one of these fobs by next mail. \$1.00 will bring 5 fobs.

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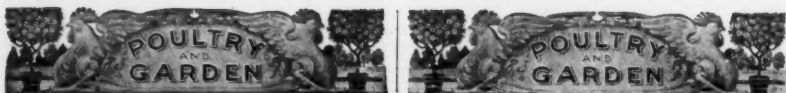
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START RIGHT. The success of your garden depends on the reputation behind the Seeds. By the time poor seeds have proved themselves worthless it is usually too late in the season to start all over with good Seeds. Start right, and prevent disappointment.

What We Want to Send You

- One copy "Everything for the Garden," a real dictionary of all things pertaining to it. Weight one pound, 204 pages, magnificently illustrated with over 800 photo-engravings and 5 plates in natural colors. The most beautiful and most complete catalogue you can imagine. Full of practical hints and instructions.
- One copy "Garden Guide and Record," a book which should be in the hands of everyone, whether planting for pleasure or profit. Tells just "How and Why," planting schedules, cultural directions, "Tricks of the Trade," and even cooking recipes which will be appreciated by every housekeeper.
- One packet Ponderosa Tomato
One packet Big Boston Lettuce
One packet Scarlet Globe Radish
- One packet Invincible Asters
One packet Mammoth Butterfly Pansies
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[Packed in a Coupon Envelope, which will be accepted as 25 cents in cash toward payment on your next order amounting to \$1.00 or over.]

All we ask is—tell us where you saw this advertisement and enclose 10 cents in stamps to only help pay cost of sending all the above to you.

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1 pkg. Pansy, Gregory's Special Fancy Mixture, . . .	10c.
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130 EGG Mankato Incubator \$7.25

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In Medieval America

(Concluded from page 29)

rangements were being closed for a loan of fifteen million dollars from a syndicate of New York capitalists, the proceeds of which were to be used to support the depreciated currency of the realm, and to make the treasury and the customs house a means for the legitimate sustenance of government, instead of a mere combination of facilities for robbing the industrious at the expense of the idler.

However, as the next day I took my pleasant way back to the seaport, pondering the glorious possibilities for nation building, it seemed to me the problem was not alone one of stable government, not alone one of education, but of some vital principle which might be directly filtered down, deeply, past the ruling classes, down into the very marrow of the life of the masses. Nations, like bread, are leavened from the bottom, not the top. These people seemed contented, desperately, hopelessly contented. They did not much care who was president, nor if there was a president, if only they might be permitted to hoe their beans, catch their fish, chew their sugar cane, and eat their bananas, with a trifling shelter from the rain, and the opportunity to bask their laziness in the Eden-like velvet of their native air. "They are human beings," the Pope had decreed, three hundred years before, but still they chewed the cud of an animal-like contentment when undisturbed. There was need of some acid solvent that would penetrate the compacted contentment of indolence and lethargy, and rouse it, bring it up

standing, wide-eyed, with a smarting ambition of some sort. All the way out on the railroad train I looked for some indication that such a principle was at work in the country. At length the evidence burst upon me like a comet in a midnight sky. I saw it plainly and without the aid of a glass. It was in the same little jungle village where I had seen the washerwoman in the pool.

The Solvent

WHAT I saw, primarily, was the common *carreta*, the everywhere-seen vehicle of the country, a cumbersome oxcart, most primitively made, with a crude pole for a tongue and its body of roughly hewn slabs, while the most remarkable crudity of all was exhibited in the wheels, which were circular blocks of solid wood, cut from the round of giant trees. But in that fifteenth century cart was a twentieth century sewing machine, of the latest type, including drop cabinet. The oxcart had been at the railroad station, where it got the machine—and it was going out into the jungle—with the machine! There at once was my solvent, my eye-opener, and my smarting stimulant. That machine, with its gleaming polished parts, trundled out there into the woods, that and the silent, irresistible forces which it symbolizes, will modernize Nicaragua, and change it from a medieval, revolution-ridden state into one of the most prosperous and happy, as it is now one of the richest and most beautiful in the New World.

The Harvest Moon at Lolo

(Concluded from page 16)

he lay on the ground. He shot straight, too, and nearly did for young Smith, who had sprung forward just in time. As it was, the bullet tore a flesh wound across his arm. Smith reached the man in one tremendous leap, like a football player's flying tackle. He drove his knees into Feydeau's body and his thumbs into Feydeau's lean throat. The man's face turned red and then purple with dreadful protruding eyes. Smith cursed him and pressed the harder, but all at once stopped and took his hands away. He considered and finally spoke over his shoulder:

"Fetch the Harvest Moon if you know where it is." The girl hesitated and hung back. Finally she went across the hilltop and out of sight among the big rocks. She returned with something in her hands wrapped in many little coverings.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in an unsteady voice. The American rose to his feet and dragged Feydeau after him. The man's head rolled on his shoulders, and he made babbling, inarticulate sounds. He had been very near death.

"Uncover the thing and show it to him!" Smith commanded. His back was toward the girl, and he did not see what she presently held up to view, but Feydeau saw it, and the sight pulled him together like a dash of cold water—like daylight after darkness—like dreams come true—like the open gates of paradise. He stared, held by Smith's strong arms, and trembled, and tears ran down his cheeks, and he said, wailing like a woman:

"Give it to me! Give it to me!" "You scum!" said young Smith. "You filth! You lying, murdering hog! Bah! You corrupt the whole world. Get out of it!" He lifted him high and flung him over the brow of the cliff.

Feydeau screamed once in the air and was gone.

LATER on Smith said: "We must bury you—this man. I mean I must. Would you like to go away somewhere among the trees while I do it?" The girl, who had been crouched upon the ground with her hands over her face, rose and looked at him gratefully.

"You're very good. I'll help. There's a spade yonder, by that rock. We'd meant to throw up earthworks between the boulders, but we hadn't time."

So the American dug, and they laid away the man whose name Smith didn't even know. The girl gathered flowers and covered the body with them, but first she knelt and kissed the man's face while Smith looked gloomily away.

Afterward he dug again while his companion went away down by the beach, and buried all the dead, save Feydeau, as well as he could. He needed the gigantic strength nature had given him.

Later still the two had a talk about what was to be done.

"We can get sail on one of the schooners," the girl said. "You're as strong as two men, and I'm as good as one. So we can at least get away from here."

"Where?" he asked her, and she said: "I should like to go home, though it's asking a good deal of you to beg you to take me there. We'd an island—he and I—a little island with fifty or sixty natives on it. It's two or three days' sail from here. If you'd help me to reach Lavanga, I could give you as many men as you wanted to come back here after your schooner and take her wherever your home is."

Smith laughed not very gayly. "Me? I haven't any home. I was on the beach when that—that—when Feydeau picked me up."

The girl looked at him and suddenly flushed red and looked away.

"There's Lavanga," she said in a low tone.

Smith took a long breath.

"Just tell me something! I've no right to ask, but maybe you won't mind telling all the same. What—that is—well, what was the man—we buried, to you?" The girl glanced up at him swiftly and away again with the ghost of a sad smile.

"If you really want to know," she said, "he was my father."

Smith gave a great cry of joy and fell on his knees. He caught the girl's hands in his and bent his face over them.

WHEN they were making her little schooner ready, she suddenly asked him:

"What shall we do with the Harvest Moon? I daren't keep it. I'm afraid of it, Smith." (She had pounced at once upon that unpicturesque name, scorning his other nicer ones.)

"I'm afraid of it, too," said he. "Heaven knows I don't want it." She showed him the Kingdoms of the Earth.

"You could take me home to Lavanga, then go back to Australia and sell the pearl for a fortune, you know. I've heard it valued at fifty thousand pounds. You could be rich—and free of me."

Smith merely laughed.

Then he had an idea and told her about it.

They set sail for Lavanga toward sunset of that day, the two of them in Mona's fast little schooner, but before them there rode out into the golden west another craft, unmanned, only its jib set and its wheel lashed fast. It carried no living thing on to the broad spaces of the Pacific, but seated on the empty deck, bound to the foremast by a rope about his body, was a dead man, and round the dead man's neck, suspended by a cord, hung the Harvest Moon with a wisp of paper fastened to it, telling what it was.

SO Feydeau had at last the reward he had longed for, and so in this grim and horrid manner the jewel that had shed such a trail of treachery and blood and crime and shame across the world went out of the lives of these two young people.

They watched it go, and looked into each other's eyes and kissed and turned their faces toward Lavanga.



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